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The United Nations on Trial

OVER a month ago, the United Nations undertook to clear the Suez Canal. Britain and France agreed to withdraw their forces from Egypt on the understanding that this task would be discharged promptly and efficiently. So far, beyond assembling a small staff of experts, chartering vessels—which are not yet on location—and carrying out a preliminary survey, General Wheeler has made no physical progress. True, he and General Burns have now agreed with the British naval authorities about how British equipment and crews *could* be efficiently used and effectively protected. But this agreement, which on paper at least marks a step forward, is subject to Colonel Nasser's approval. And Nasser has already announced his veto on British crews. How far, then, have we got? If Nasser's veto is maintained it may be six months before the Canal will be able to handle anything like normal traffic. Meanwhile, the economies not only of western Europe, but of many Asian and African nations, are suffering.

The stalemate cannot be allowed to go on. Certainly, it is possible to sympathise with Egypt. As the victim of Anglo-French aggression, she is understandably sensitive about the presence of British and French naval personnel within her frontiers. But this does not justify her blind refusal to face facts. By impeding the clearance, she has been committing a *de facto* breach of the 1888 Convention, and defying the clearly expressed will of the United Nations General Assembly. Any timorous surrender by the U.N. to Egyptian intransigence would now be indefensible. By intervening decisively in the Egyptian conflict, and by securing British and French compliance of its directives, the U.N. achieved a major victory for the principles of collective security, and placed itself in a commanding moral position. But if it now fails to dispense justice impartially, and to compel Egypt also to abide by its decisions, this position will be rapidly undermined. Public opinion in western Europe—which, despite the temporary aberration of the British and French governments, warmly supports the ideals for which the U.N. stands—will lose faith in its ability to uphold them; and the arguments of those who cite the impotence of the U.N. as an excuse for taking unilateral action will be reinforced.

Nor is this the only, or indeed the chief, danger. The clearance of the Canal is merely the first and most urgent of the tasks which the U.N. has undertaken. Looming ahead is the complex and delicate work of policing the Egyptian-Israeli frontier and, even more important, the negotiation of a final settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute. By comparison with these problems, clearing the Canal is a relatively simple matter. If the U.N. fails to exert its authority here, its prestige in both Arab and Israeli eyes will inevitably diminish. In the past, the ineffectiveness of the U.N. Armistice Commission was principally due to the fact that it had no powers of sanction; it was, in consequence, for long treated with contempt by the Arab states and, ultimately, by the Israelis also. The rapid creation of the U.N. police force has helped to restore the organisation's prestige throughout the area, and has given it a second chance to solve the problem. But the chance would be cast away if, at the outset, the U.N. were to submit to Egyptian blackmail.

And this time, the consequences will be more serious, both for the Middle East, and for the future of the organisation. The U.N. now faces its gravest test since its inception. In Korea, it had merely to restore the *status quo*, upset by the North Korean invasion. In the Middle East, it must produce a positive, constructive solution. To restore and police the 1948 armistice lines is not enough. Russia has made it clear that she intends to go on arming the Arab states, and, unless a peace treaty is signed, sooner or later war will break out again. If it does so, it may prove impossible, this time, to limit the conflict, and the Third World War, so narrowly averted on November 6, might ensue. When the General Assembly, last month, undertook to intervene physically in Egypt, it accepted a challenge which can make or break it. The next few days will show whether such an acceptance was wise, or fatal.

Comments on the Week's News

Nato in Suspense

Those who held that last week's Nato meeting would be the most important since the Lisbon conference must have been disappointed. True, it enabled French and British ministers to get on speaking terms with Mr. Dulles again (though the cordiality was entirely superficial). But beyond this, only two minor decisions were taken: Lord Ismay was succeeded by M. Spaak (in the absence of anyone else willing to take on the job); and Mr. Charles Wilson explained the new arrangements for transferring American atomic stockpiles to non-American Nato forces. Both of these had been foreseen; so also had been the Council of Ministers' adoption of the report of the "Three Wise Men," a voluminous and cliché-ridden document of no particular interest. On the crucial questions of Britain's physical contribution to Nato ground-troops and German support-cost payments, no decision has yet been reached. Mr. Macmillan's case was heard by the Council in silence, and though Mr. Dulles made what a conference spokesman called "sympathetic references" to the force of his arguments, it is clear that no general Nato pressure will be exerted on Britain's behalf. The question of support-costs has been handed over to a group of British and German experts, negotiating on a bi-lateral basis, and Mr. Macmillan, it seems, will have to accept the best compromise he can get. The conference's failure to broach basic policy decisions must be attributed to the fact that, until Soviet policy becomes clearer, and until America has made up its mind about the new disarmament and European security proposals, Nato's future is very much in suspense. Hence, in the unreal atmosphere in which the conference took place, it is hardly surprising that some very vague and woolly ideas were put forward. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's plan for an "Atlantic Council" must be counted among these: British diplomatic isolation during the Suez crisis has led ministers, in their panic, to clutch at a good number of straws, including supra-national ones that the Tory party at least would not willingly accept. Like the Common Market, the Atlantic Council need not be taken too seriously—for the time being.

The Army Under Inspection

The Wolfenden committee on the Employment of National Servicemen in the United Kingdom has done all it could within terms of reference which inevitably prevented it from getting to grips with the root of the problem it had to study. The employment of national servicemen is conditioned by the purpose of national service; and it is a confusion—if not a deception—about this which is the root cause of most of the national serviceman's grievances. Peacetime national service was sold to parliament and the public by Lord Montgomery as the only effective means of producing the trained reserve upon which Britain would depend in the event of war. That concept was soon discredited, and in the light of current strategy has become simply absurd. But national service, in the meantime, has become essential to the military planners as the only means they can devise of acquiring the manpower which our foreign and colonial policies demand. Apart from the grave disadvantages both to industry and to the recruitment of a regular army which this expedient entails, it enrages and baffles the national serviceman, who, told that the purpose of national service is training, still has to spend a year when fully trained policing the Commonwealth or defending the West Germans. Drawing attention to this demoralising state of affairs, the committee says that, if this is indeed the purpose of the second year of national service, "it would be better to give this reason simply and frankly, and not to try to defend the second year on the ground that it is necessary to the production of a trained soldier." This is the nub of the problem. The committee can do no more than expose it, and it is up to public opinion to insist on government action. For the rest, the committee is frank and forthright about the detailed absurdities which the army inflicts on those who are drafted to it. The most important general recommendation is that "civilianisation" of what are essentially civilian jobs should be speeded up. Again public opinion must keep up the pressure. Senior officers tend to prefer military to civilian labour because it is easy to discipline; while War Office planners, bedevilled by Treasury pressures, find it cheaper. Perhaps the most enduring value of the Wolfenden report will prove to be the precedent it sets for civilian investigation into the army. A clear light has been shone into a lot of dark corners, and the services will in future find it that much more difficult to cover up waste and inefficiency.

Coupons Minus Planning

With Mr. Aubrey Jones and Mr. Watkinson cast as Tweedledum and Tweedledee in the petrol pantomime, it is difficult for the angry consumer to discover which of the two is responsible for the muddle. This scheme seems to have been conceived in August, and there have been at least three months—in which the odds were heavily on some form of rationing—to work out a sensible method of allocating fuel between essential and purely personal use, of dealing with applications, and of ensuring co-ordination between the Ministries of Fuel and Transport. Yet the scheme has clearly failed on all three counts. The first condition—a proper system of priorities—has not been fulfilled, and the *ad hoc* concessions now being made are going to muddle the rationing scheme for months to come: it is clear from the statements made by Mr. Jones on Monday that we shall in fact have a large number of hardship supplementary rations. Yet it was this that the unexpectedly high basic ration was designed to prevent. Secondly, there has been chaos in the offices handling the applications: a shortage of trained civil servants and the burdens that premium bonds and the Christmas post have thrown on the post offices are partial excuses. But both these difficulties could have been foreseen. The administrative confusion, which has left commercial users baffled and angry, is perhaps the most serious evidence of incompetence. Its chief virtue is that it enables the two ministers to confuse their critics. We shall, no doubt, manage to muddle through without a complete breakdown. But lack of planning has certainly added to the difficulties of an inherently unsound scheme.

NEXT WEEK

Edebras Furioso

An heroic saga of 1956

by Reginald Reynolds and Vicky

A New Short Story

by V. S. Pritchett

Grants for Grammar Schools

The Minister of Education told the Commons this week that he proposes to reopen the list of grammar schools receiving "direct grants" from the Ministry, and will be issuing a circular laying down the terms on which admission to it may be granted. The "direct grant" list has been closed for eleven years, and the schools now on it are a somewhat haphazard collection, largely because a good many schools that could have claimed admission in 1945 preferred remaining independent and unaided to accepting the condition which allowed the local authorities to claim up to 50 per cent. of the places in them—the other half or more being left for fee paying pupils selected by the schools themselves. Since 1945 rising costs have made some of these "independents" think again and there has been growing pressure to get the list reopened in order to get the £36 grant per pupil (£40 for sixth formers) payable by the Ministry. The "direct grant" school is in fact an anomaly. The status is presumably intended chiefly for schools—especially boarding schools—which draw their pupils from a wide area, and have no close connection with the local educational structure. It is apt, however, to lead to great difficulties where it means that a large part of the local provision for higher education is quite outside the control of the Local Education Authority. On this ground, as well as because it helps to perpetuate the "two nations" educational structure, the Labour Party is likely to take strong objection to any considerable extension of the "direct grant" list. Unless the Ministry imposes stringent conditions for admittance to the "direct grant" list, there is a danger that a number of inferior schools that could be greatly improved by coming under effective public control will be rescued from financial disaster without anything much being done to improve their quality.

Erlich and Alter

What answer will the Russians make to the request—published in *Zycie Warszawy*—for the posthumous rehabilitation of Henrik Erlich and Victor Alter, two leaders of the Polish Socialist and Jewish Labour movements? Their execution in Russia during the war was one of the worst of Stalin's crimes against the Poles; its impact on western opinion ranked with the arrest of the Polish underground leaders who went to Moscow to negotiate, and for the Poles it was one more offence in a long catalogue. The Polish Communists purged in 1938 have been rehabilitated. Why not these two Socialists? They were arrested for "subversive work against the Soviet Union and assistance to Polish intelligence organs" and sentenced to death in August, 1941. In September, on the intercession of the Polish embassy in Moscow, they were released and asked by Stalin to organise a new anti-fascist committee. Soon afterwards they were again arrested, and in a letter sent by Litvinov to a number of American trade unionists and liberals it was admitted that they were shot in December, 1942, for having "resumed hostile activities, including appeals to Soviet troops to stop the bloodshed and immediately to conclude peace with Germany." The article in *Zycie Warszawy* now suggests that they were killed in December, 1941, and it urges that their names be cleared. In Poland, at least, there will be no doubt that these two men were "victims of a criminal provocation."

Red Cross Barred in Kenya

The need for an impartial inquiry into conditions in Kenya detention camps becomes daily more imperative. Letters to British M.P.s which are smuggled out of the camps every week complain of beatings, unhealthy diet and brutal punishments for refusal to do forced labour. Reports of mutinies among detainees, such as that at Mageta Island camp last month, add to the alarm. Yet the Colonial Secretary in the Commons merely dismisses the allegations as untrue. Unfortunately, he seems more concerned to conceal the facts than to establish them. Asked by Mr. Elwyn Jones on November 21 why the International Committee of the Red Cross had been refused access to camps in Kenya, Mr. Lennox Boyd replied that no request had been received "by the Kenya government." Pressed further by Mrs. Castle this week, the Colonial Secretary has shifted his ground. He now admits that in August, 1955, "an informal discussion" took place between his own officials and Dr. Henri Junod of the I.C.R.C. who made "what was understood to be an offer in his personal capacity" to visit camps in Kenya; the Governor, however, felt that he had ample advice at his disposal "and did not, therefore, wish to trouble Dr. Junod to make a special journey to Kenya," though he would be glad to see him if he were to pass through. This disingenuous reply directly contradicts the I.C.R.C.'s report for 1955, which records that in August of that year "the I.C.R.C. approached the British authorities to inform them of its wish to be allowed to carry out its traditional humanitarian duties on behalf of victims of events in Kenya. The approach did not bring the result hoped for." The assertion that an "official request" has been made by the I.C.R.C. and "has so far been rejected both by the British Red Cross and the Colonial Office" has been repeated as recently as December 4 in a letter sent to an engineer by Mr. Gaillard, head of the executive division of I.C.R.C. He adds that the International Committee does not intend to let the matter rest. Nor should the House of Commons.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Cambodia

Chinese Charm

Alex Josey writes from Phnom Penn: When Chou En-lai recently stepped from his Iluyshin to shake the outstretched hand of "my great friend," Prince Norodom Sihanouk Upayuvareach of Cambodia, thousands of local Chinese, clutching Cambodian and Chinese paper flags, gave a roar of welcome which was probably heard in the American embassy, several miles away. When the Chinese economic mission arrived here last month, the plane could not land at first because the local Chinese, in their enthusiasm, crowded on to the runway. In the end they had to be removed by fire hoses before the plane could touch down. On the other hand, when the new American ambassador arrived, four or five days after Chou's triumphant reception, no more than a handful of curious Cambodians greeted him. Some $50 millions' worth of aid stood no chance of competing with Chou En-lai's famous charm, which affected Cambodians as well as Chinese. Even loyal American correspondents, with whom Chou mingled freely and informally (he ended up with a personal invitation to all "without exception" to come to China "whenever you like"), began to compare this "friendly guy" with their own "dull Dulles." Chou's visit was, in fact, a tremendous personal success. Never did a man so carefully watch where he trod. When Cambodian functionaries at the palace went down on their knees to talk to the pudgy Prince sitting next to him, the Communist leader never batted an eyelid. When Chou stopped during his travels to make impromptu speeches, he told the Chinese they must obey the laws of Cambodia, respect local customs, not mix in politics, behave themselves and learn the Cambodian language. Speaking a few words of Cambodian himself, Chou cried "Long live their Majesties," and led the cheering for Prance Sihanouk. Never had the Chinese charmer been so deadly.

Remembering what happened to a certain aeroplane which was supposed to have taken the Chinese Prime Minister to Bandung, the Cambodians took elaborate security precautions which reached a climax when the press were searched before we met Chou En-lai at a formal press conference at the palace. With some difficulty I prevented a security enthusiast from opening my Leica. Before Chou got here, the Cambodians arrested a handful of Koumintang Chinese (much to the indignation of the Taiwan consul) and persuaded a small number of suspect intellectuals to take six days' holiday at the expense of the government. On the day of Chou's departure, I was told by a Chinese friend of Madame Kung Peng, Chou's Director of Information, who travelled with the mission, that a car "containing two suspects and some weapons" had been picked up. Chou took off an hour before the announced leaving time. Three Iluyshins carried the party to India. Not all the members of the mission knew in advance which of the three planes Chou would travel in. Shortly before he left, Chou signed a joint statement with San Yun, Prime Minister of Cambodia (also Minister of Defence, Minister of Anti-Corruption, Minister of Culture, etc., etc.) reaffirming friendship and joint adherence to the five principles of co-existence, upon which "rested the peace of Asia and the peace of the world."

As for Cambodia's future relations with the United States, much will depend upon the new American ambassador personally. To employ an understatement, relations between Prince Sihanouk and the former U.S. ambassador were not good. They were, in fact, the subject of many café and bar-room conversations in Phnom Penn. I have been with other correspondents when Sihanouk himself has referred to this man's unconventional behaviour, strikingly exemplified when he turned up at the airport on the day Sihanouk left for China wearing shorts and holding a dog on a leash. During a boating trip down the Mekong, Sihanouk lost no opportunity to tell American correspondents precisely what he thought frankly about certain Americans, including Mr. Dulles and his brother Alan. Much of this conversation was too embarrassing even for Communist journalists to use. Probably Sihanouk took the liberty knowing his own safe position and aware that the policy of the U.S. is to keep this little place neutral, if it cannot be persuaded to join Seato.

Chou's smooth policy will be to continue to support Cambodian neutrality, taking care not to offend India's special affection for Cambodia, and to stand aside and watch with interest development of the relations between the American ambassador and Sihanouk. Mr. Carl W. Strom could do worse than study with care Asian reaction generally to Chou's charm. It seems to work in places where dollars fail.

Westminster

Sustaining Jets of Water

Like a showman's ping-pong ball bobbing precariously on two jets of water, the Prime Minister of Great Britain was popped back into position this week amid scenes of marked apathy. About six of his supporters rose to receive him and waved their order papers with an enthusiasm which diminished as their self-consciousness increased. The remainder sat silent or emitted the most perfunctory of cheers. As he sidled to his place, the sun tan on his face prevented one from seeing whether he looked embarrassed.

Soon nobody was looking at him at all, for Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, whose appearance in the Chamber had been greeted with one comic and immediately suppressed yelp from an obscure back bench, began to tell the House about the lack of progress in forming an effective United Nations salvage fleet to clear the Canal. Lloyd forecast that if the British ships, and the German and other foreign ships under charter to Britain, which have already begun the work of clearance, were allowed to continue with their own crews, ships up to 10,000 tons would be moving through the Canal within seven weeks. As he proceeded, however, it seemed clear that General Wheeler, acting for the United Nations, wanted the British ships but would not at that stage allow the British crews to man them. Since the British government will not leave the ships without the crews and since, on the withdrawal of British protection, the German ships may also withdraw, it seemed possible that the clearance of the canal would take a year or more. It may, indeed, prove impossible to get any European crews to work unless they can be guaranteed effective protection from Egyptian "Commandoes"; and it is not yet certain that the U.N. is in a position to supply this.

Colonel Nasser may be pleased at this. At the cost of losing his revenue from the canal dues—and Conservatives are now suggesting that even this loss is being made good by subsidies from Russia—he is giving himself and the whole of the Arab world the immense satisfaction of harming Great Britain, while knowing that Great Britain, on her own, can do nothing whatever about it.

Hearing all this, the House suddenly found itself in a considerable unity. While Mr. Paget was quick to point out that Britain's humiliating impotence was the direct result of recent government policy, everyone wanted the Canal cleared as speedily as possible; and if, on this, General Wheeler continues to give way to Colonel Nasser, Socialists are likely to join with Conservatives in suggesting that he be packed off for a holiday in Jamaica—not that such a request, coming from us, will get anyone, even the General himself, very far.

The impact of Lloyd's statement for a time stilled speculation about the Prime Minister; but that soon revived. At the moment it is probable that his positive supporters among Conservative M.P.s can be counted on the fingers of two hands. His policies are discredited—with the Right because they did not go far enough and with the Left because they went at all. Those who accepted the necessity for his holiday are still gravely concerned about his physical and mental health; and those who all along have felt that he was no iller than usual bitterly resent his absence during three critical weeks. In such circumstances one would think it impossible for him to continue in office. Yet for the moment, he is sustained like the ping-pong ball at the exact point where the stream of those who hate Mr.

Butler meets the stream of those who detest Mr. Macmillan. Only if one or both of these streams subside, it would seem, can Sir Anthony fall.

But although this position in mid-air will not worry him—after all he is accustomed to it—it may soon worry the Conservative Party beyond endurance. I get the impression from outside that the party once again is changing its mood. It had a few days of tense anxiety followed by a few hours of exaltation. That was followed by despair and despair, in turn, was followed by cynicism. Now anxieties are returning and the pressures they produce are crying for relief.

Some Conservatives think that the removal of Eden—a minor piece of blood letting—would suffice; but others seem to feel the need for a catharsis which would purge the party not only of Eden but also of Butler and Macmillan and bring a Heathcoat Amory or a Duncan Sandys to the top. As, however, the party in its present state has little blood to spare, wiser councils may prevail. At the next crisis, Sir Anthony is likely to be floated off in his own tears and Mr. Butler be revealed standing high and dry, ready to solve the problems both of the party and of the balance of payments by well planned and, of course, temporary doses of unemployment.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

A New Policy for Europe

WHAT led Mr. Gaitskell to say, at Derby on Saturday, that Labour policy toward central Europe should be reshaped to profit from a "wonderful opportunity"? Opportunity? A year that began hopefully seems to be ending in chaos. The Hungarian revolution and the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt have smashed the dykes, and the rulers of Moscow, London and Paris are swept along like tiring swimmers caught in a tidal wave. The Warsaw Pact has become a mere formality; Nato is in little better shape; the German army, for which the West staked so much, is still a distant prospect; and the Suez fiasco has made drastic economies in our defence programme inevitable. The post-war political alignments in Europe are becoming meaningless, and the furious debates they once provoked are stale print on fast yellowing paper. Where, then, is the opportunity? Mr. Gaitskell, in a speech that will be a turning point in Labour's foreign policy, has realised that a return to the old postures of the cold war is impossible. With the Warsaw Pact a sinister joke, with western Europe unable to support large standing armies, and with the United States clearly unwilling to underwrite more than the minimum strategic commitment to Nato, the Iron Curtain has become a relic. It divides, not two forward areas of strength but two forward areas of weakness. The economic and military resources of eastern and western Europe alike now mean only what Moscow and Washington pay them to mean.

It is this that has lifted the problem of European security, and especially the problem of Germany, on to a new level. While the satellite countries provided a secure *glacis* for the Soviet Union, offering a radar screen, advanced bases for offensive action in western Europe, and sixty supplementary divisions, the West was not willing to surrender the bases in western Germany nor the hope of a German army. And this meant that German reunification was unacceptable to the western powers, for they believed that the creation of a neutral and unified Germany meant the collapse of the whole Nato strategy in exchange for the shifting of the effective Soviet frontier two hundred miles eastwards. It is true that no serious attempt was made to discuss this question with the Russians because the western politicians had become obsessed by their desire to rearm Germany. But the fear of the combined striking power of the Russians and their satellites underlay western policy in Europe for ten years. On the other hand, the Russians were unwilling to yield an inch of territory for fear of strengthening the Nato powers.

Today, as Mr. Gaitskell recognised, the situation has changed radically. The Soviet Union can no longer count on the armies of its allies; it cannot even count on using their territory as a safe forward base. If the Russian army were to be withdrawn from eastern Europe, the regimes which depend upon its tanks would break up. The withdrawal would not be a token departure. It would be total and effective.

It is this prospect, of course, that has frightened the Russian leaders into the savage reassertion of their overlordship in Hungary. If they had allowed Hungary to slip from their grasp, the rest of eastern Europe might well have followed the lead of the people of Budapest, and the Soviet empire in Europe would have been lost—and lost without any entry on the credit side of the ledger. While the satellites remain in the gift of Moscow, it at least possesses some capital for bargaining about Germany and about the future status of the "friendly" countries which at present give protective cover to the Soviet frontiers. If—as Krushchev blurted out at the reception for Mr. Gomulka—the Russians are to evacuate eastern Europe, they want to go out on terms, not to be hustled out by a rolling tide of "liberation" which would give them no voice in the future settlement of Europe and might well bring Nato forces to the Soviet borders. Rather than face that dismal project, they will run all the risks involved in holding eastern Europe by force, including the real risk of war.

Are there terms, then, on which the Russians may be induced to withdraw? We cannot know what kind of calculation is made in the Kremlin, but the forthcoming meeting of the full central committee—the first since the 20th Congress—is bound to weigh the price of holding down the satellites, and sustaining them economically, against the gamble of a negotiated withdrawal. And it is precisely this dilemma which offers a "wonderful opportunity" to

ALEDEN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP
A SUPERPANTO ON THIN ICE
PRODUCED BY VICKY JNR. (AGED 3)
SORRY
ANGLO-U.S. RELATIONS
NEW LAMPS FOR OLD
EMPTY
UP
"SEE, AS SOON AS YOU STOP RUBBING IT THE WRONG WAY THE GENIE APPEARS AND BRINGS YOU EVERY GIFT YOUR HEART DESIRES..."

remake the pattern of European security in a manner that will also offer freedom to the people of eastern Europe. For some time the theme of a "neutral belt" has been canvassed as one of the secondary themes of Soviet diplomacy—a theme that was sounded loudly at the time of the Austrian treaty. And Krushchev's statement at the Polish reception shows that it has not been wholly forgotten in the Hungarian tragedy and the renewed acrimony towards the Yugoslavs. A similar concept lies behind the latest Soviet disarmament proposals: Bulganin, in effect, was suggesting that some form of demilitarisation in Europe might be acceptable as part of a detente with the U.S.

A neutral belt—on the Austrian model—has become the only alternative to further upheavals in eastern Europe and to the disintegrating strategies of the Warsaw Pact and Nato. But it cannot be created by demanding that the Russians withdraw, leaving it to the resurgent nationalists of eastern Europe to choose what kind of "neutrality" they think best. The "neutrality" of central Europe has to be backed by effective guarantees, in treaty form. First, the western powers must forswear military alliances with the countries which form the belt, and these in turn must agree to maintain military establishments no larger than are needed for internal security. Secondly, these countries must forswear territorial claims upon their neighbours. Thirdly, these conditions must apply to Germany as a condition of unification. Finally, as soon as the Soviet forces withdraw, the western armies should be prepared to pull back from western Germany.

This is the general outline of a settlement that no longer seems as remote as it did when it was first advanced in this journal two years ago. It is, indeed, the kind of settlement towards which the U.S. is now inclining as part of the wider agreement with the Soviet Union which, despite Hungary, is clearly envisaged in President Eisenhower's latest proposals. And, since Hungary, the concepts which underly it are now accepted by many of those within and without the Labour Party who most angrily insisted upon German rearmament at all costs.

The South in Crisis

In a small Mississippi town—no more than a bus station flanked by garages and motels—I was hooked by a scrawny lounger who asked if I were a "furriner." Why? "Because," he said, slowly, "you walk so damn fast." And then: "I guess you write for the papers." The South is so much written over today that any stranger may be taken for a journalist: to break through the hedge of suspicion you need good credentials. Robert Penn Warren, himself a distinguished Southern novelist, commented in some recent travel notes that his Tennessee accent and car licence plates were not good enough in Clarksdale, Mississippi. And I found that I could hear most and learn more by informal talks and visits than by conventional interviews. White people are sensitive and resentful. Liberals or Negroes will talk only if they have already taken a clear stand in public or if they feel safe from the economic pressure and even violence that the dissenter frequently incurs.

Suspicion. Returning to the South after eight years, this was my strongest yet most elusive impression. You can see new factories and schools, modern highways and stores, even the television aerials on the clapboard cabins down the dirt roads; you can photograph mechanical cotton pickers, add up statistics of income. But nothing records a mood, catches the unspoken thought. You can only notice how different it is, sense the crisis in which the white Southerners and Negroes are caught up and from which, since both groups are prisoners of their myths, their history and their culture, there is no easy escape.

Its immediate causes, of course, are the school de-segregation decisions of the Supreme Court since May, 1954. The South was stunned at first; then angered; and finally mobilised against a threat which strikes at the centre of the complex relations between white and black. But the decision to resist the Court has simply provided a sharp issue around which have been gathered all the contradictions and tensions of the South. Its social system was already breaking up. Rapid industrialisation and new farming methods are changing its economy. Its population structure is shifting as Negroes migrate from farms to towns, and to the North, while white workers, businessmen and retired people move to the new opportunities and the warmer climate of the Gulf states. And the Negro is beginning to vote, in some places to hold a balance of power. Even the traditional one-party system is weakening. The new middle-class may still be loyal to the local Democratic ticket—the most illiterate white voter realises that a real party struggle in the South would simply open the door to rival bids for the Negro vote—but on the national level it is increasingly willing to support a Republican. Half the votes in the South, this year, went to Eisenhower, believed to be more "moderate" on race issues than Stevenson. In such conditions of strain, the school issue has become a simple test of loyalties—and one of immense value to the political extremists and reactionaries who dominate the South behind the slogans of white supremacy, states rights and non-interference.

How far is white opinion united? To what lengths will it carry resistance? These were questions that I asked as I travelled right through the "Black Belt" that loops across from the Mississippi through Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia. For this is the crucial area. In the Piedmont, above the line of the 600-foot contour, change could come sooner and more easily. These counties had no cotton and few Negroes. And round the coast, the ports are open to other pressures—urban life, expanding industry, trade unionism, better education and more effective law enforcement. But each of the Southern states cuts across these natural boundaries, and each is dominated politically by its rural counties, which, in turn, are controlled by a minority of white voters. The state legislatures are controlled by men who represent much less than a fifth of their voters and, even nominally, less than half their population. Some counties in the hills of Georgia, North Carolina and Virginia may have been willing to make a start on de-segregation. But state law prevents them—and state law is made by the white minority from the old plantation belt.

That is why I found the answers to my questions so depressing. It is all very well to say that the South is changing under the impact of industrialisation and a prosperity greater than it has ever known. (In 15 years, industrial output has gone up from $11,000 million to $60,000 million, and income per head has risen faster than the national average.) But these are figures for the region as a whole, and they gloss over the fact that these changes are taking place on the fringes—the Piedmont and Tidewater—much more than in the cottonlands. In the long run, the changes will make themselves felt in the plantation belt. But in the short run it is the attitude and interests of the extremists in this belt which set the pace for the states as a whole.

And there can be no doubt about the determination of the deep South to resist the Court as far as it can. It may, under pressure, do more for Negro education. Some of the best new schools that I saw in Mississippi are for Negroes: South Carolina is spending most of a three per cent. sales tax on Negro education, and it has at long last provided school buses for Negro children. If the May, 1954, decision has done nothing else, it is at least making the South think seriously about the 1898 ruling that separate provision must be equal. But more than that? Nobody in these counties will look that far ahead. There are liberals, of course, who believe in de-segregation as a matter of religious principle and morality as well as of respect for the law and for human equality. But even they do not argue that de-segregation is possible at present. For one thing, poor though Southern education for whites may be, the social and educational level of the Negro children is immeasurably worse, and it will take years of effort to bring the two school systems to a point where they could be assimilated without the risk of breakdown.

The tragedy is that those who merely think that de-segregation should be the ultimate objective are silenced. Dr. Travelstead was dismissed from the University of South Carolina last year for saying this: "If we choose to manœuvre and manipulate in order to circumvent these duly constituted agencies of law, how will we explain and justify this action to our children?" The editor of the *Morning News* in Florence, South Carolina, wrote: "the Southland has been feeding itself with large doses of self-delusion and self-hope. . . . The Court's decree will not be defeated. . . . South Carolina's people need to hear realism. They need to hear the truth." But no longer from this editor. He, too, has been dismissed. I know a man who simply moved that a Democratic county convention in South Carolina should go on record in favour of free speech and assembly—this was an oblique protest against a proposed law which would have prevented local Negro preachers from lending their churches for NAACP meetings—and found his motion tabled by an overwhelming majority. I have talked to white shopkeepers driven out of business by a boycott after they have refused to join a Citizens Council. I was in the Yazoo counties of Mississippi just after two white liberals had been driven out because they were suspect of non-conformist views (they had been careful to conform to the local mores) and a local preacher had been forced to resign because he had defended them. And the social pressure that silences white dissenters or the economic pressure that drives them away is but a tithe of the pressure on Negroes.

If there is little physical intimidation, it is because it is usually unnecessary. Unless a Negro is an undertaker or a preacher—and thus independent of white patronage—he cannot speak up in a great part of the South, or at least he must carefully limit his speech to inessentials. If he does, he can get no work. And even those who have some independence are liable to run into trouble—to find a burning cross or a stick of dynamite on the front porch. No wonder that the Negro is mute in the rural areas and

small towns. And many of them, of course, are left without leadership because the younger and more articulate Negroes have moved away, either to the towns or to the North. I am not suggesting that the pressure is everywhere successful. The boycott of the buses in Montgomery, Alabama, was a great victory for Negro discipline and unity. In a lesser-known case, at Orangeburg, South Carolina, a Negro boycott of white firms has come close to succeeding, for Negroes have learnt that the boycott weapon employed by Citizens Councils can be reversed in places where white shopkeepers are largely dependent upon Negro patronage. It may be true, as one liberal woman in South Carolina said to me, that "the Negroes are now achieving a sense of unity which is almost an adequate substitute for mass organisation." But in the deeper South this has happened only recently: the Negro is becoming assertively self-conscious but it is still difficult to build this into something more than passive defence. This alone, of course, is sufficient to frighten the white extremists, but they remain in control.

Indeed, the power of the Citizens Councils that have sprung up all over the South is very great. Almost every town and county is effectively organised. These self-styled "resistance groups" claim a total membership of at least 500,000 in the 25 states where segregation is in some degree an issue; and a conservative estimate put the membership at about 300,000 for the states of the old Confederacy. They are well-financed. The available funds raised by membership dues and donations probably total $2 million.

Citizens Councils

What is the real character of this movement? As I travelled through the South I increasingly realised that within the Citizens Councils there is yet another of the contradictions which complicate every problem in the South. Many of the men who hold office in the Councils, especially at the local level, are respectable community leaders, very different from the demagogues and resentful poor whites who have in the past rallied to the Ku Klux Klan. They are small-town bankers, lawyers, real estate men, clergy, insurance brokers, prosperous merchants and big farmers. In one town, for instance, I found that most of the members of Rotary were in the Council. Such men dislike the radical vulgarity of the Klan. They want things to be done in a decent and orderly fashion—if possible. True, their statements of principle oppose any form of de-segregation, but they subscribe to ringing phrases about improving Negro schools, preserving "the amicable and harmonious relationship now existing between the white and Negro races . . . the welfare and best interests of the Negro race." What is more, many of them genuinely believe that this "harmonious" relationship exists. For men of this kind, representative of the new middle-class in the South, the aim is to make the South safe for business without disrupting the traditional pattern of white supremacy. They do not want trouble, because that is bad for business. And so their objective is to smother racial tension rather than aggravate it.

But leaders of this kind—some of whom will tell you that they are "moderates" and that they have taken charge to prevent the "resistance movement" falling into the hands of extremists—are in a difficult position. They can only build a mass organisation by appealing for mass support, and once the organisation exists they must give it something to do or let control slip into the hands of the Klansmen and their associates who can outbid the "moderates." Many Council leaders, for example, will try to keep resistance within "legal" or political limits—eked out by economic pressure where it is needed. But every time they defy the Court, they inevitably stir up more violent feelings: they may preach non-violence, but the rank-and-file want action.

Rabble-rousers

This split works to the advantage of the rabble-rousers, a mixed bag of disreputable agitators who marry the themes of racial prejudice to those of anti-Semitism, anti-unionism and the "creeping Socialism" of the federal income tax. These agitators may be disowned by the "moderates," but for obvious reasons they are becoming the pacemakers, using the Citizens Councils as useful channels of propaganda. One officer of a Citizens Council had been talking to me of good government, of running out the bootleggers, gamblers and corrupt hacks who had previously controlled the local Democratic machine. When I asked whether he had any Council leaflets, he made a wry face and rather reluctantly passed me a copy of *Black Monday*—a speech made by Judge Tom Brady to the first of all the Councils, in Indianola, Mississippi. This extraordinary pamphlet is one of the most widely circulated texts in the South today. One meets it everywhere. Its argument is that the Negro is inherently inferior, owing to differences in his blood cells; that where racial mixture occurs, "the black blood" swallows up the white, and "blows out the light within a white man's brain." This accounts for the fate of the Mayas, Incas and Toltecs, for the disappearance of the white Aryans who built the Taj Mahal, and for the reduction of Spain "to an organ grinder, some monasteries, and some grapes and wine." Then "primitive savages" were brought to America, "the Congo flowing deep in their brains." Now, men "drugged with the lotus of Socialism" are "helping Russia" by trying to "change the chromosones of the individual by law": the "sociological" Supreme Court is seeking to create a "mongrelised, mixed man"; and so the Citizens Council, which is the "best law-abiding group, the most courageous, the most honest," must fight for the "God-given right to keep our blood white and pure."

With such propaganda circulating throughout the region, and with generations of such prejudice and superstition to make it seem plausible, it is not surprising that otherwise sensible professional men will assure you that Autherine Lucy was paid $25,000 to attempt her entry into the University of Alabama, that Walter Reuther is a Communist, and that a glance at Eleanor Roosevelt's hair will convince you that she has "black blood." The argument is not about possible solutions, not even about facts. It is simply about the best means of keeping the Negro in his place. No attempt is made to find out what the Negro really wants. It is taken for granted that the ordinary Negro is content with his station, is incapable of bettering himself, and would continue to be "loyal" were he not stirred up by the NAACP and its "Communist" backers. This comfortable dream-world is not even a recognisable reflection of reality. Yet, if the white community could escape into the real world from its mental prison, it would discover that the Negro, insistent on his rights, is still amenable to agreement—though the "resistance movement" is rapidly destroying the few bridges so laboriously built between the two communities. A Negro attorney in Memphis said to me: "There can be no turning back now. But we are not unreasonable. If *they* would only accept the law in principle, as *we* do, we are willing to talk about ways and means, about how much and when." The tragedy is that no one tries to set definite goals towards which moderates and Negroes can work. Everything is drifting, because delay is the most effective defence of white supremacy. "We might as well be candid," said Eugene Cook, the attorney-general of Georgia, after his state had passed a series of laws designed to perpetuate segregation by "interposing" state sovereignty between its citizens and the federal courts. "Most of these laws will be stricken down in the courts in due course." Meanwhile, they are one more barrier to change.

What change will mean is a question that the white Southerner prefers to avoid, for a discussion of the true facts makes nonsense of his fantasies about intermarriage, "mongrelisation" and political domination by vengeful black illiterates. I was surprised to find a sophisticated man like John Temple Graves, the most reputed newspaper columnist in the South, using such terms in conversation. True, he said, the South had "sinned" against the Negro, but his argument did not differ in substance from that of Judge Brady. Yet the Negro does not make the demands that the white community believes he makes. He wants his children to be able to grow up without the stigma of inferiority; the right to do any work of which he is capable; to take a normal part in the politics of a society that claims to be democratic; and, as one Negro put it, "to use public amenities and services without having to stand behind a screen or crawl in at the back door."

Parallel Communities

It is one thing to fight for an end to discrimination. It is something else to demand or expect full integration. These are consecutive stages on the road to full equality, and the Negro knows that the journey will take time. The Supreme Court, indeed, has not made integration mandatory: it has simply declared that segregation is unlawful. It recognises that there are two parallel communities in the United States, and it is seeking to establish the right of genuinely equal treatment for them, including non-discrimination wherever they come in contact.

Equality before the law is the first step. It will take longer to establish the social and economic equality which can give substance to the legal forms. For the two communities fit into different parts of the social pyramid. Much of the Negro community is near-peasant or proletarian, and it is beset by problems that arise from its social status as much as its colour. Consider these simple facts. Three out of four Negroes in rural areas have no piped water: the converse is true of whites. Only one Negro family in 16 in the South has an income above $3,000 a year: half of them have $1,000 or less. And generations of poor food, bad housing, disrupted family life have left their mark. No wonder that the educational level—and the pattern of social behaviour—is below even the modest standards of the white South. In Louisville, a progressive border city that has made a decent and genuine attempt to de-segregate its schools, the performance tests show how far Negro children fall behind their white contemporaries. Negro pupils in the 8th grade, for example, match up to white pupils in the 6th grade. While this is not evidence that Negroes are inferior, it is proof that segregated schools and years of economic discrimination have cheated both Negro children and those Negroes who teach them of a decent education. And in the rural areas of the South the gap is far wider.

True, outside the deep South, a beginning has been made. The trouble at Clay and Sturgis this autumn distracted attention from the fact that 208 other school districts on the fringes of the South were successfully de-segregated: this year another 60,000 Negro children were brought into de-segregated districts, making the total affected since May, 1954, something over 320,000. But the rate of progress is slow. These changes, after all, took place in the easier states, where the authorities are accepting the Supreme Court ruling, not defying it. And though 208 districts changed over, 3,700 remain segregated. In higher education, 110 public colleges are still segregated out of a total of 208 in the 17 Jim Crow states.

It is going to be a long hard struggle, in which the white community will resort to stalling tactics, open defiance, boycotts and even violence. And in this struggle, the pressure of the courts is of great importance—not least because resort even to the law's delays gives the Negro a sense that the system, that democratic traditions and practices, are on his side. But those who consider solely the means by which the court rulings may be enforced—and this is a shadow-land of speculation and legal uncertainties—miss the crux of the crisis in the South. This is a power struggle, and it has been a power struggle ever since Jim Crow ideas and Jim Crow laws were introduced at the end of the last century. Strip away all the contradictions and the absurdities, all the inflamed prejudice that plays on sexual, social and economic insecurity. Underneath lies the attempt of a dying system to perpetuate itself under conditions which are destroying its foundations and making its moral rationalisations untenable.

The economic revolution is transforming the South. And it is not merely the industrial development on which so much stress has been laid. Cotton is no longer king: small farms are becoming possible, because dairy farming and diversified crops make the smaller farm an economic proposition. And on the cotton plantations, where cotton acreage is being limited, the machine is taking the place of the sharecropper. On one Mississippi plantation that I visited, the Negro families have drifted away year by year. Few are left now. "In five years," the owner said, "I'll have five white hands working machines. Twenty years ago my father had a hundred Negro croppers living here." This process goes on, sucking the Negro out of the Black Belt, first into the towns, and then northwards: it is already creating a labour shortage—and dear labour means a strong bargaining position for those who remain.

And on the fringes, where expanding towns and new industry create a fresh demand for labour, the manpower squeeze is also being felt. The South cannot afford to stop its economic revolution—apart from race questions, the boom is the staple topic of conversation—but it is already approaching the point where the boom cannot continue within the framework of the present social system. And enlightened people know this. Gwilym Price, the president of Westinghouse Electric—one of the big corporations now expanding its investment in the South—put this sharply and simply.

> We believe in integration not only because there are sound sociological reasons for it, but also because our experience shows that there are sound, valid, compelling and hard-headed business reasons for it . . . we simply can't afford to ignore the manpower potential in the Negro community.

Such statements are the distant knell of doom for white supremacy. The South is desperately dependent on the northern sources of capital which are attracted by the South's climate, communications, the growing market, cheap power (from the TVA), labour supply and freedom from union organisation and urban traditions. But investors will be chary of putting their money where there is tension and the threat of violence, where economic reprisals are imposed for political reasons, where law enforcement is uncertain, where the school system may break down and where professional and academic talent feels insecure and frustrated.

I do not suggest that the break-up of the system will take place smoothly, according to a coherent plan. Social systems do not die a peaceful death. But, depressing as I found the immediate outlook, I am convinced that the price of white supremacy in the South is steadily becoming higher and that one day the price will be too high, in moral as well as economic terms. Save for powerful institutions—notably the Catholic Church, some business interests and the federal government, which has de-segregated all federal territory and installations—the dissenters may today be effectively silenced. But I have talked to many Southerners, themselves believers in the system, who privately concede that they cannot hold out indefinitely, for all their talk of states rights. Publicly, of course, they recite the creed: they will do what they can to save a system that has lined the pockets of the well-to-do and bolstered the self-esteem of those who have nothing more to distinguish them from a Negro than the colour of their skin. But the frank confession of a young Mississippi planter is the footnote to my journey. "It ain't no use," he said. "Once the niggers stop being scared, they win."

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

CHRISTMAS has become a children's festival and as such it remains happy and unspoilt. It sounds too ironic to talk about the political significance of peace on earth and goodwill towards men. This year adult minds are divided between angry bewilderment over the Middle East and angry admiration for the Hungarians. Eight years ago when I was last in Hungary, just at the end of the constructive period in which Social Democrats had worked with Communists in rebuilding their country, I made a public speech trying to tell the Communists that the British feeling about liberty and tolerance was at root not political, but moral and human. And I see from what I wrote here when I came back that I was already warning Rakosi and Gerö against trying to put the peasants and the workers into a political straitjacket. Anna Kethly was still then nominally free. Rakosi told me that he had tried to persuade her to get out of the country, but that the woman was obstinate and preferred to stay behind her own front door. Soon after that he locked her up. In the West the left is more shocked than the right. There are, as our correspondence columns have shown, reasons for thinking that the Hungarian leadership was thoroughly inept and that some remnants of the semi-fascist regime of Horthy (which I had seen and hated before the war) wanted to stage a come-back. But this argument cuts no ice when Soviet tanks are shooting down workers and peasants.

* * *

The public is now angry for much the same reasons as it was when the Russians crushed the popular movement in Hungary in 1849. People wanted to do something then (though not as much as they do *now*). What did we in fact do? Palmerston sent a gunboat to the Bosphorus; Hungarian refugees were welcomed here; Kossuth made rousing speeches all over the country; brewers' draymen chased General Haynau when he ventured to show his face in free England. Palmerston got into trouble, as usual, with the Queen because he undiplomatically welcomed liberal revolutionaries from the continent. But how much did we really help these freedom movements? The support of the greatest naval power in the world was certainly useful to the Greeks, and earned us a friendship which we have waited until 1956 to throw away. Lord John Russell found a way of helping Garibaldi and played a real part in the final stages of the Italian liberation. But even in 19th-century conditions the struggling people of oppressed countries had to do the real job of liberation for themselves. How far actual intervention can ever help is open to question. Few people will put their hands on their hearts today and say that they are quite sure that in the ultimate reckoning even the war with the Nazis increased the sum of human happiness and freedom. Today, with nuclear weapons, war cannot have desirable effects. General MacArthur told no more than the truth two years ago when he said that military men could and would carry out the orders of politicians who had failed to obtain their objects by diplomatic means, but that the kind of war that would be fought could never achieve any objects which the politicians might desire.

* * *

A group of carol singers were in fine voice outside Hampstead Underground station when we came back from a friend's house on Monday night. With us were Paul Ignotus and his wife. Paul, whose account of recent events in Budapest appeared in this paper a fortnight ago, had only recently been released from prison where he had been since 1948 and where he met his wife. They escaped over the frontier a few weeks ago. She had never been in this country before. Thinking that Mrs. Ignotus would be particularly interested in this old English custom of peripatetic carol singing we joined the group; just before they burst into "Good King Wenceslas" I asked one of them for whose benefit they were taking the collection. They turned out to be a group of architectural students, collecting money for Hungarian relief. The young leader of the group had known Paul in England eight years ago. If the meeting had been pre-arranged it could not have been a more apt or dramatic way of illustrating the spontaneous feeling about Hungary here. I can recall nothing parallel since the Spanish Civil War, and that was different because there was then a specific political objective. This time western "intervention" being excluded, students spend their evenings standing singing in the road to aid refugees—and, as it happily occurred on this occasion, to welcome them.

* * *

If ever an opposition had the right to shout "I told you so" it would be the Labour Party about Makarios. His enforced stay in the Seychelles has made it no easier to "restore law and order" or "end terrorism"; to consult him about proposals for a political settlement in Cyprus has proved, as everyone in touch with Greek and Cypriot opinion anticipated, unavoidable. Similarly, the relaxation of Sir John Harding's repressive rules—the abolition of whipping and of collective punishments, and the loosening of the extraordinary press laws to allow "honest comment" (however that may be defined)—these "concessions" have all been demanded by liberal opinion as absolutely necessary if there was to be a chance of persuading Greek Cypriots to accept Lord Radcliffe's constitutional proposals. The cheering implication is that the British now really mean to seek a settlement in Cyprus.

R. H. S. Crossman, who has just come back from Israel, tells me that a slip in this journal of December 1 has caused dismay. Referring to the treatment of foreigners in Egypt we spoke of the expulsion of some "British, French and Israeli nationals." This, of course, should have read "British and French nationals and Egyptian Jews." There are no Israeli nationals in Egypt; Israelis have not been given passports into Egypt since the foundation of their state. The British and French who have been expelled have foreign passports. But the expulsion of Egyptian citizens just because they happen to be Jews is utterly inexcusable and is the most "Hitlerian" step yet taken by Nasser.

* * *

Several people I talked to were pleased to see *The Times* gave Nina Hamnett such a long and appreciative obituary notice. You never know how Printing House Square is going to treat our Bohemian landmarks, but they really did do her proud. You can imagine her whipping it out at the bar of her favourite celestial saloon with a delighted cry of "I say, my dear, read this, my dear." What an unfailingly zestful individual she was! You may say that her neglect of her talents —especially perhaps as a portrait painter—was tragic. Nevertheless, she had a time-defying capacity for living in the moment that amounted almost to a form of higher mysticism. Material circumstances meant as little to her as to a Zen-Buddhist monk. She would preside—in a room much of which was taken up by a motorbicycle—from a bed made of orange boxes, over a tea party that included a Negro boxer, an Irish jockey and two poets. She was bright yellow in the face and probably the only case in medical history not to be depressed by jaundice. She had, too, her traditional side. A friend reveals encountering her in Charlotte Street late on the night of the abdication of Edward VIII. With her disregard of convention and her ready sympathy, he expected to find her defending the lovelorn. Not she. "He's let us all down, my dear," she explained, tossing her head. There spoke the Colonel's daughter and former pupil of the Royal School, Bath.

* * *

I suppose most busy men are carrying two diaries just now, and looking forward to the moment when they can put the 1956 one away. You can carry an old diary too long. The other night a friend left his supper to answer the front-door bell and found a large, quiet man on the doorstep. "I'm a police officer," said this man. "Have you got a car with the number PPG417?" My friend admitted this, and asked him inside. "At 2.15 a.m. on the twenty-fifth of October," said the policeman, as they lit their cigarettes, "your car was seen driving at a very fast speed away from the scene of a burglary at Thames Ditton." My friend, who lives thirty miles from Thames Ditton and whose car is a kind of Sedan chair made in 1934, said he would have liked to see this. "Would you like to account for your movements on that day and that night?" Well, it was a fortnight ago. Out came the diary, which recorded everything except that at 2.15 a.m. he was fast asleep in bed. "I see, sir; and was the car in your own garage when you got up?" He hadn't looked; but it was there two days later. "Not tampered with in any way?" In no way. "Ah, well, we get these little mistakes; someone took the number down wrong. We'll just put all this down on paper and then you can sign it." When my friend got back to a cold supper, he realised that he had been quoting from the previous year's diary.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

"I think at the present time when our nation finds it is in difficulties it has always been our habit and reputation not to argue about the thing but to put our heads down and shout, and I think this is the thing we ought to do today."—Letter in *Bucks Examiner*. (J. Wallis.)

Children learn to drink when they go to the Continent with school excursions, a minister told Ayr Presbytery yesterday.—*Scottish Daily Mail*. (Cecil Clark.)

Worthing Motor Club are thinking of running a petrol shortage rally.

It would be exactly the same as a normal motor rally except that the cars would stay parked in the same place the whole time.

Drivers would be given route instructions, would run out to their cars at one-minute intervals and then sit in them and work out where they would have gone had Nasser not taken over the Suez Canal.—*Sussex Evening Argus*. (Jack Hollis.)

Whatever one's views may be about Suez, it is surely now evident that, as at present constituted, the United Nations Assembly is anti-British in outlook. What confidence can the people of this country have in such a body?—Letter in *Beckenham & Penge Advertiser*. (Owen Webster.)

"Carol paints horses only," says Mrs. Wheeler. "She thinks people are often too unpleasant for a portrait. But I think there is always something worth painting in a person."—*Evening Standard*. (John Mellon.)

The Mysterious S.A.

ONE of the great women spies of history, who has somehow remained out of the history books, died 39 years ago last month in the mountain village of Zichron Yaacov, then Palestine. Her name was Sarah Aaronsohn, and she led a spy organisation in Palestine which provided Allenby's forces with information about the Turkish Army, and guided the entry of the British into Palestine. The organisation consisted of only 20 young people, but Allenby credits them with saving the lives of at least 30,000 British soldiers. Sarah, 27 years old in October, 1917, died by her own hands, after four days of torture by the Turks, who were attempting to wring from her the names and whereabouts of her colleagues.

Many people believe that Sarah Aaronsohn is the mysterious S. A. to whom Lawrence dedicated his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Lawrence may have dedicated his book to Sarah Aaronsohn, just as other imaginative young men dedicate poems to Grecian urns. There is, however, not an ounce of foundation to the story of the romance which pops up in the English press from time to time, always with more exotic embellishments. I was able to establish this fact conclusively only three months ago, from members of the family who still live at Zichron Yaacov.

Apart from the fact that Sarah never had any contact with Lawrence, she would have had a good laugh at Lawrence's statement "I drew these tides of men into my hands . . . to earn you freedom." She was so thoroughly capable of fighting for freedom by herself. For this she forsook her sheltered life as the wife of a wealthy merchant to pit her body and wits against the forces of the Ottoman Empire. She came of tough, pioneering stock. Her parents were among the founders of Zichron, the earliest agricultural settlement in Palestine. They brought up their seven vigorous children to love the soil, and to work for its redemption. Sarah worked hard, like any daughter of the soil, but led a gay, free life for all that. On her black Arab horse she dashed about the countryside by day and night, according to her mood, always trusting her quick wit to get her out of a tight situation. She knew Arabic and Turkish like a native.

She was married and living in Constantinople when war broke out. In cryptic letters to her family in Zichron, Sarah began to sound out their plans.

"Are you interesting yourself in *broderie anglaise*?" she wrote to her sister in French, which, together with Hebrew was the family language. "There are interesting things to be seen on the boule," she wrote another time, using the French word for boulevard, which is the Hebrew word for stamp. Under the stamps she wrote about the massacre of the Armenians—a horror which impelled Sarah to rejoin her family in Zichron, to see if they could not do something to prevent a similar and imminent fate for the helpless Jewish community in Palestine. Her brothers and their friends decided that their most valuable service lay in providing intelligence for the British and so hasten their entry into Palestine. They took for their organisation the name of Nili—the Hebrew initials of a Biblical quotation "The Eternity (God) of Israel will not lie." The organiser of the underground movement was Sarah's brother, Aaron Aaronsohn, world famed as a botanist, and a man of phenomenal strength and intellect. His work had made him familiar with the terrain of Palestine, including the desert which stretched south of Turkish Palestine into British Egypt. His intimate knowledge of the Turks and their military strength was unequalled. He had long been convinced that in England lay the only hope for a Jewish national home.

Aaron left Palestine, and by devious routes got to London in 1916, where he managed to break down the chronic suspicion of the War Office. He ended up at Allenby's H.Q., Cairo, where he was in charge of Palestine intelligence for the campaign which ended the war. When he disappeared into the blue, his command fell to Sarah and Absalom Feinberg. Absalom, only 25, was a hero straight out of a romance. Tall, handsome, ardent, a writer of poetry, a composer of music. Wise, witty, a crack shot, a dashing horseman, and so fearless that the Arabs had adopted him as their own, giving him the name of Sheik Salim.

No news came through from Aaron. Inaction, in face of growing Jewish danger, was maddening to Absalom. The one contact he had managed to establish with a friendly and understanding British naval officer at Port Said had broken down. Absalom didn't know it, but the officer, Lt. Wooley, had been taken prisoner by the Turks, and only emerged at the end of the war, to become famous as the discoverer of Ur of the Chaldees.

Absalom, disguised as an Arab, set off through the Negev wastes which stretch south from Beersheba, in an attempt to slip through Turkish lines and renew contact with the British in Egypt. He was never seen again.

The entire burden of "Nili" now fell on Sarah. From January, 1917, until her death in October, nine months later, this plump, sweet-voiced young woman, acting on her own responsibility, working on her own initiative, built up a network of military intelligence which stretched from Beersheba in the south of Palestine as far north as Beyrouth and Damascus in Syria. There was not a moment, by day or by night, that she

was out of danger, or free from pressure. Pressure and even danger came from the Jewish community of Palestine whose established leaders were appalled by the dangerous manoeuvres of this handful of young people, presuming to pit themselves against established government and German military power. Espionage was an unsavoury thing in Jewish tradition. Even worse, one false move would bring certain extermination to the village of Zichron, and to the Jews everywhere under Turkish control. But Sarah was hard and unrelenting. She asked of nobody what she was not prepared to do herself, and few whom she tried to enlist for "Nili" refused to entrust their lives to her hands.

Sarah approached a doctor in an important military hospital. "What," he demanded, "do you think I'm going to risk my head in such a game?"

"My head is as firmly attached to my shoulders as yours is," she replied, "and anyone who calls himself a man would be proud to belong to 'Nili.'" Which he did.

Everyone who joined "Nili" did so out of sympathy with Jewish national aims, and not one made any financial profit out of their work of espionage. Every penny had to be accounted for to British H.Q., Cairo, before further allocations were made. This was so limiting and so humiliating, that one of the British officers, who worked with Aaron at Cairo H.Q., spent much of the latter part of his life compiling material for a comparison between the money expended on "Nili," and on Lawrence; and the importance of the results. (This document, incidentally, will one day appear.)

With Aaron in Cairo, for the first time since operations began two years before, "Nili" really got into full swing. As the preparations for the Palestine campaign got under way, more and more demands were made on Sarah and her organisation. She supplied Allenby with detailed information as to every division in Palestine and Syria; the number and type of guns, positions, movements. In an address before the Royal Artillery Institution at Woolwich in December, 1921, Lt. Gen. MacDonough, who had been Director of Military Intelligence during the war, said: "Lord Allenby knew from his intelligence in Palestine every disposition and movement of the enemy, and he was consequently able to play his own hand with assurance. In those circumstances, victory was certain."

Sarah sent the bulk of the information through the British warship which slipped down from Port Said once or twice a month. A window in the Aaronsohn vineyard high up on the mountain top acted as a guide. If the window was open, the ship crept back at night and anchored at a distance off the shore from Athlit. Members of "Nili" swam out to the ship with messages.

Once the intelligence network was established, Aaron kept begging Sarah to leave Palestine and come to Cairo. Allenby urged her as well, for the pace was speeding up, and the danger growing daily. But she refused, and not many weeks later the shadow of death began to fall on "Nili." A carrier pigeon sent off from Athlit to Cairo came to rest among the pigeons of a Turkish officer at Caesarea, some miles up the coast. He found the code message. Realising that there was a spy ring operating in the vicinity, the Turks began to search the neighbouring Jewish settlements. It was only a matter of time until they reached Zichron.

Sarah destroyed all documents, and sent her colleagues into hiding. Then she, her brother, and her faithful colleague, her 70-year-old father, waited for the arrival of the Turks. For four days Turkish and German officers tried every means of torture they knew in an attempt to wring information from Sarah. Her colleagues whom she had sent away gave themselves up, unable to remain in hiding while she suffered. None would reveal information, so it was decided to send them all off to Nazareth, for further interrogation. Sarah feared that if she suffered more, her body might force her to prove traitor. She asked permission to go to her home and change her blood-soaked clothes for the journey to Nazareth. Tied with ropes she walked through the village of Zichron for the last time.

While the guard remained outside, she went into her room. There she wrote a letter giving instructions for the care of the families who would be left bereft because of "Nili." Then, taking a revolver which she kept hidden behind a secret panel, she shot herself. She tried to shoot herself through the brain, but her strength failed her, and she only succeeded in wounding herself. She had three more days of agony before she died.

Even as she died the British had begun to land at Jaffa, and three months later Allenby received the surrender of Jerusalem.

ANITA ENGLE

The Converts of Porthcawl

A CHOICE of reasons is available to explain why so often W.E.A. classes are composed of preachers and teachers and retired men dozing in bare rooms until the lecturer has finished—when they stir themselves and tell him what life is all about. It may be full employment or the telly or rampant materialism, the quest for learning directed into a quest for cars. Or it may be that appetites are satisfied by the greater opportunities now presented by orthodox educational arrangements. It may even be, as the commentators tell us, scanning the horizon between Gower Street and the Haymarket, that the "workers" no longer exist but are simply members of the middle-class who happen to work in factories—by which appraisal, of course, any attempt at the education of people who work in industry will be as outdated as re-creating Merrie England by Morris dancing on Saturday afternoons.

A current attempt by the W.E.A. and the trade unions to reach the workers in three "pilot" areas of the country—two in the north of England, the other in Glamorgan—seems unaffected by these explanations. Clearly the aim of the scheme is to find and educate potential trade-union leaders. In South Wales the method is to invite interested rank-and-filers along to a hotel at Porthcawl for the week-end to listen to and discuss lectures on trade-union practice, law and the arts both of self-expression and having something to express. Variations are introduced into the curriculum. One week-end an elaborate mock wage claim was staged; at another there was a legal battle. Once there has been a non-utilitarian, "culture" session.

The hotel is comfortable, the food all right. After dinner a band plays and one may dance. The sea is a hundred yards away and drinks may be bought on Sunday. In fact, by local W.E.A. standards, saturnalia, a hell of hot cakes and cold ale. Not, of course, that the scheme is any the better for that, but obviously these attractions tend to influence the applicants. "A buckshee couple of days here is better than a kick in the teeth," as it was put. (My informant agreed that he had never been presented with this direct

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7 p.m. at this office. The 'phone rings. "Hallo," from the other end, "Who's that?" "*The New Statesman*," we answer. "New what? *New Statesman?* No, I don't want *you*, but, my God, we could do with some!"

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choice.) When the scheme began two years ago, the week-end schools were held in a cold Y.M.C.A. hostel and only 30 people used to attend. In the first year there were four schools, in the second 16 and this year, at the hotel, there will be 20 with more than 80 students each time. Dick Lewis, young ex-miner and one of the scheme's two full-time organisers, recognises that there may be reasons other than a rage for learning which bring people along. But, as he puts it: "This is our shop window. Once we lure them in we get a chance to sell them something" —Porthcawl serving these missionaries in the industrial jungle much as whisky and coloured beads have served other faiths elsewhere. Mr. Lewis and his colleagues believe very strongly in their product. When they detail a student's progress or a class's success, the necessary wild light shines in their eyes.

What they are selling the trade unionists is the idea of attending regular W.E.A. classes in their home district. Since most of the week-enders are, remarkably enough, under 40—many are under 30—those regular classes could be invigorated or, at least, suffer a slump in average age. An influx of industrial workers would also arrest what one of the crowd at Porthcawl, in a fine W.E.A. phrase, entitled "a tendency to bourgeoisification." The organisers, in one of the oldest of buyer's markets, cannot ring the till as often as they would like, but to a layman their results seem hopeful. This year nine new classes have been formed in the area—two held at Workingmen's Clubs. In three old-established classes figures have increased by 20 per cent.—figures which, it's reasonably argued, would be higher if the shift-work which is common in the area's predominantly heavy industry didn't prevent people attending more than twice in three weeks, or once in two.

Other statistics are more disturbing, although even these have their marginally encouraging feature. Out of last year's 587 students, 392 were members of and were sponsored by the Transport and General Workers' Union. I doubt if this is because this union's members either are more enthusiastic about or stand in greater need of education. More probably it's because the area secretary, Ron Mathias, a large man with the reputation for having been a boxer, proselytises the scheme in his branches and attends most schools himself. Other union secretaries seem nothing like so enthusiastic.

But statistics scarcely indicate quality or intensity of absorption at lectures. They can't be expected to show just who is sleeping it out and who is being presented with the first encouragement to education or advancement. Certainly both sorts are represented. Mr. T. W. Thomas, a university extra-mural lecturer, who takes the expression classes told me that one of the surprises is the readiness students show to present written work and the vigour with which they criticise each other's essays. Some of these essays —they were probably the best—he showed me. They were marked by an unusual freshness of diction, candour and indicated that people like their jobs more than one would suppose.

Other indices of absorption were the three middle-aged women who dozed through the three lectures, one with her hat on; and then, all with their shoes off, fell asleep in crimson armchairs after dinner. There was the young typist who said she'd come because she'd try anything once and signed-up for a literature class. "Are many of the people in your factory interested?" I asked a quiet girl. "Very few," she whispered. "But they soon will be," said her more aggressive friend —a shade reprovingly, I thought. In another set of crimson chairs one of those bizarre, oracular arguments continued. "Remember, even H. G. Wells died a defeatist," said an old man. "Pandering to the bestiality of the beast" said another. Marxist slogans were exchanged. A lathe-operator (cross my heart) nominated a Cointreau on my round as if this was some high-toned cultural foray, which it might well have been if the manners and behaviour hadn't been so good. "If this is what education is," said the typist sipping a green Chartreuse, "I must say I think it's a bit of all right." Everyone was clearly having a fine time, which is as good a beginning as any.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Fleet Street Notebook

HABITUAL newspaper readers, temporarily interrupted in their daily intake of the printed word by the non-appearance of newspapers on Christmas Day and Boxing Day, may be interested to spend a few moments of crystal gazing into the future of newspaper production.

As things are at present, newspaper costs are rising so rapidly that not only is a fresh increase in the price of daily papers becoming more and more of a strong possibility in the New Year, but there is every evidence that we shall before long see a further speeding up of the process which is now leading to a steadily greater concentration of newspaper power in a comparatively few strong groups. Not only costs but the current trend of advertising points in this direction. Two things are happening. The year by year increase in advertising revenue which has been going on without a break since the end of the war is now slowing down. Indeed it is almost stationary.

The latest figures issued by the Statistical Review of Press Advertising indicate that for the first nine months of this year the rise in total advertising revenue was just over 8 per cent. whereas for the previous two years increases of the order of 22.6 per cent. and just under 19 per cent. respectively were recorded. Moreover, in the last quarter of this period—July to September —the increase compared with the same period in 1955 was a mere tenth of one per cent. The last three months may actually show a decline for the first time since the end of the war. What is more, advertising is more and more being concentrated on national daily newspapers and magazines. London evening papers, provincial morning and evening papers and provincial weeklies all, in fact, suffered actual and, in some instances, very substantial declines in advertising revenue. For many of them if the trend continues—as it shows every sign of doing—the problem of matching income and costs is going to get progressively more severe and there is a sad prospect of more fatalities unless newspaper costs can be substantially reduced before long.

The newspaper industry is indeed badly in need of a new technological revolution of the same order as that which a century or so ago enabled the big development of cheap newspapers in the mid-19th century—breaking in the process the near monopoly enjoyed by *The Times*.

Is there any such technological revolution in sight? The plain answer appears to be not of a kind that the strongly entwined interests on both sides of the newspaper industry—management and labour—would be prepared to consider. It is a fascinating thought, however, and one which I often turn over in my mind that, technologically speaking, there is probably now no reason why the whole system of newspaper printing, production and distribution as we know it should not come to an end. We could all receive our morning newspapers via our television sets and as and when we wanted them. Theoretically, in fact, there is no reason why, by the employment of what is known as facsimile transmission, we should not all have our favourite newspaper delivered direct into our living room from a slot in our television set without blessing of composing room, printing press or newspaper train.

It is now 30 years since the first facsimile transmission system for printing text or photographs by radio was developed. Ten years ago the Radio Corporation of America, using a refinement of this system known as Ultrafex, actually—and this is surely an awe-inspiring thought—transmitted and reproduced in printed form the 1,049 pages of *Gone With The Wind* in two minutes twenty-one seconds. Since then the *New York Times*, the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *Baltimore News Post* have all at various times experimentally transmitted and printed complete newspapers by this process. In fact, technically speaking, there is no good reason why one should not today be able to switch on one's radio or television set, tune into the right wave-length, press a button, and get an up-to-the-minute, fully illustrated newspaper printed on electro-sensitive paper impervious to light and no more difficult to handle than ordinary newsprint as it unrolls from under a printer blade in a recorder built into the set—in much the same way as a record player. The facsimile process requires high-frequency radio or television transmitters but in principle there is no reason why such facsimile newspapers should not be transmitted from existing T.V. stations in the morning when no television programmes are being sent out.

One objection when the method was first developed was that newspapers so transmitted would have to depend entirely on advertisements for their income and would thus be in the position of give-away sheets without the independence that a substantial revenue from sales provides. There seems no particular reason, however, why this difficulty could not be overcome by building into the television set, along with the facsimile recorder, one of the various subscription devices for "pay as you see" television which have been developed in the United States. With a combination of facsimile transmission and "pay as you see," the newspaper reader would simply switch on his set, tune to the wavelength on which his favourite journal was being transmitted at that hour, drop his coppers in the slot to unscramble the transmission—and pick up the morning paper from the floor. He would get it with news several hours later than if it had to be printed on great presses in a newspaper office, despatched by van and train, and delivered to his door by a newsagent. And at the other end it would be necessary merely to set and make-up single copies of each page, put them in a frame that would flick them rapidly in turn before a television camera and leave them to be received by any number of readers during the scheduled transmitting period allowed to the paper.

It is an engaging thought. But I am afraid the newspaper industry will have to be faced with even tougher problems than it is already before it is ready to turn its mind to it. However, even when launched prematurely on a world unready to alter its established commercial ways to meet their challenge, technological revolutions have a habit of refusing to die peaceably.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Fat of the Land

NEXT year Christmas catalogues may well be slimmer. Now, as they pour in, it may be helpful to readers if I categorise some of their highspots, not only to assist shopping, but also to indicate something of what our recent adventuring may lose us. I need hardly say that I have culled from only the *best* catalogues, and I will begin with those economical presents that are several things at once.

Most of these start as brushes. For men, the Combination Shoe-brush and Stud-Box (11*s.* 6*d.*), the Clothes-brush for the pocket with Scissors at the side and Manicure fitments (none of the capital letters are mine) in "tip-up top" (12*s.* 11*d.*), or the "Valet" clothes-brush enclosing shaving outfit, toothbrush, comb, etc. (£2 6*s.* 6*d.*). For ladies there is the Sew Set and Brush combined in Petit Point on Black for 17*s.* 6*d.* I am more doubtful about the folding Coat-hanger with real bristle Brush Ends which, when folded, makes full-sized clothes-brush (21*s.*); I usually brush clothes *on* the hanger, but you could always give another hanger as well.

For hospitality, there is the Openall which can be used "for cracking nuts and as ice-tongs, lemon-squeezer and bottle-opener" (25*s.*) or the Three purpose "Bar" knife with "Stag Horn" handle (hardly any of the inverted commas are mine) which functions as Bottle Opener, Fork and Lemon Knife (£1 5*s.*). For ladies, why not the 9 ct. gold lipstick holder with mirror and watch, set diamonds and rubies, at £330? In silver without watch or rubies you can get it for £15, but who wants to cheesepare at Christmas? God and Mammon are nicely synthesised in a crocodile purse and notecase buttoned with a 9 ct. gold St. Christopher for £28 17*s.* 6*d.*; but the process seems to be impossible in cheaper leathers, for with these the medallion is omitted.

What about the latest Pottery novelty, the "Black Hand"—"Use as an ashtray, butter-dish, wall decoration, etc." (4*s.* 11*d.*)? Or those specialised combinations which, if properly routed, reveal more of the presentee than paragraphs of laboured prose? Such are the Tea Caddy filled with Boiled Wrapped Sweets (6*s.*), the single China Cup and Saucer ("Red Saucer") filled Assorted Chocolates (9*s.* 6*d.*) or, most expressive of all, the pewter tankard containing six golf balls (£4 10*s.* 6*d.*). But in every way the most economical in this group is the 11in. diameter plate with a cup on it and a table-napkin printed on the plate (£1 1*s.*); not only is it "also suitable for outdoor use," economy is also strongly implied by any imaginable meal that seems appropriate to it. For start with caviar, say, and what do you put in the cup?

In contrast with this category, we move to that which, considering only fitness for purposes, includes things available for about a shilling but which, when prepared for Christmas, cost, to say the least of it, more. Bottle-openers are the standby here—shaped like antique gold coin (7*s.* 6*d.*), like a golf putter (corkscrew combined: 25*s.* 6*d.*), of stainless steel with mother-of-pearl handle in pigskin case at 10*s.* 6*d.* or ivory handled and magnetic for £2 15*s.* Still on the drink, there is a cork and drip stopper decorated with gaily-coloured fruits at 11*s.* 6*d.* and two very ingenious cocktail shakers: the "Lighthouse" with flashing light at £23 and the "Ship's Lantern" with clear glass at £11 10*s.* but more for red or green glass. There is a horse-shoe key ring with silver medallion for engraving for 21*s.*, if you don't feel like 5*d.* at the stationer. And since sociologists tell us that more money is spent on fireplaces than on any other single item in the home, there should be a big market for the stove-enamelled black hearth set with coloured knobs at £3, as for the felt coal gloves with poodle motif on red, blue or turquoise ground (3*s.* 11*d.*) also with robin on blue only—why is blue so *right* for robins?

For booksy types I haven't found much, but what about Double Playing Card Cases shaped like two books with "original design" (i.e., flowers) on fine golden calf (19*s.* 6*d.*); a pair of brass book-ends with choice of Deer, Elephant, Horse, Owl or Penguin trim at 67*s.* 6*d.* the pair; or "Grime Does Not Pay," "looks like a book and inside pages consist of 4 gaily coloured Dusters" (3*s.* 11*d.*)?

For those who buy by name (though I always wonder if manufacturers have really collated nomenclative responses), why not a "prettily ribonned" Santa Sac (9*s.* 6*d.*) from the Cosmetic Department; here it is worth noting the distinction between "coffrets" which are usually under £5 and "caskets" which are usually over, though that between "boudoir slippers" and "mules" remains elusive. For children try the "Little Noddy" Hankie House and Garage (4*s.* 11*d.*) or the Chimp Kiddie Cuddle Nightdress Case (59*s.* 6*d.*); the Novelty "Kittikins" Nightdress Case in Plush "Grey Kitten" (55*s.*) seems to be meant for adults. "The Bill Brothers" are novelty mousetrap billholders, one mouse being called Mr. Sad and the other Mr. Happy; these cost between 29*s.* 6*d.* and 30*s.* according to where you buy them. The Hot-N-Cold Apple in wine or green with golden stalk handle seems to be a kind of thermos and costs £6, but another catalogue has something which looks exactly similar except for the name and the price of £12. Party-Mates are "a gay and festive pair of aprons to add to the fun of your party," His being the front of a tuxedo suit, Hers daintily frilled. Then there is "Spikey" (the N.E.D. writes "spiky") which (or who) is a cactus pincushion, complete in attractive pot (19*s.* 6*d.*).

The Magic Casement section (or what stands for beauty) is limited this year. Roughly, it covers flowers (on anything down to hot water bottle covers), doggie and particularly poodles, these even on bath-towels, fish and/or ships on bath-mats, carriages on saucepans, and old motor-cars on cocktail mats and ashtrays, working up to an old bus on a cigarette box. In this section, I think, should come the Utrillo print with frame "hand-coloured to suit picture and individual surroundings."

So long as he loves pussies and poodles, the animal-lover is splendidly served. An interesting choice in the latter field is a paper-weight, curled lambskin on metal base, in black, brown, grey or white at 31*s.* 6*d.* or 33*s.* according to the shop. Pussy comes finely in Pottery standing at the base of a Lamp in ginger, tabby or black, or sleeping in Siamese at 63*s.* There are also some figurines of creatures by Beatrix Potter—what a pity, as Miss Enid Blyton recently remarked, that she didn't write simpler English, more suitable for the kiddies!

Things for the chap with a hobby seem, this year, to be limited to a rather special social group. For the fisherman, an ashtray with hand-painted fly for 25*s.* 6*d.*, for the hunting man a corkscrew with "Running Fox" atop for £4 10*s.*; this latter might also care for the Stirrup Barometer, either in desk model or with Pigskin strap for hanging, at £4. It is, however, rather the racing man who should get Motor-Mascot "Aintree" (jockey on horse) for £16 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lastly, the Real Needs section. Try the silver-plated bar accessory in form of "Wash tub," with marker pegs (i.e., bittsy clothes-pegs) in colour for clipping on glasses (£2); the silver-plate Egg Decapitator at £2 2*s.* 6*d.*; or that archetypal object, which of all those in the catalogue arouses the strongest emotions in me, the "Christmas Card Holder—a festive and original idea in wrought iron" (52*s.* 6*d.*) which, with sledge and reindeer wrought along the top, is for displaying the Christmas cards you want your friends to see you've received; afterwards, you could display invitation cards on it too.

MARGHANITA LASKI

The Arts and Entertainment

Towards Byzantium

MUSIC, like most departments of human activity, tends to move in cycles; or, to put it more accurately, according to large secular swings of the pendulum. It is an over-simplification to call these large-scale movements of attitude and taste merely fashionable; but they have something in common with fashion, because it is the nature of Western man to feel bored with his immediate past, and such boredom often leads to a modified revival of an earlier style. The Teddy Boy obeys a perennial and healthy instinct.

The musical pendulum oscillates between simplicity and complexity; there was a tremendous swing back towards simplicity about 1600; another—not so complete or so widespread, but perceptible—about 1920. Looked at in a different light, the pendulum can also be said to oscillate between the smooth and the rough, the lush and the dry. For nearly 200 years—for most of the 18th and 19th centuries—smoothness was the ideal generally admired. Beethoven gave the fabric of music a powerful wrench, but soft contours and graceful, even voluptuous, curves soon returned; even a vigorous young rebel like Richard Strauss succumbed in his later years to the fascination of silk and velvet.

Stravinsky has been for most of his lifetime an acknowledged enemy of the smooth and the lush. The cleverest and most variously gifted musician alive, a Picasso of music, he is capable of almost any feat; and he began his career by rivalling his master, Rimsky-Korsakov, in sinuous melodic charm and surpassing him in voluptuous scoring. His assault on the smooth style, then in its decadence, began with those two manifestoes of our age, *Petrushka* and *The Rite of Spring;* the first made a huge breach, the latter carried the day, leaving to the victor only a long series of mopping-up operations in the outlying territories of his new empire. One after another, the musical provinces of the past were penetrated and subjected to the new order; and the clash and intermingling of cultures were always fascinating to observe; sometimes sterile, more often fruitful. Occasionally elements of the old dispensation would survive, little changed, within the new. From time to time throughout his career Stravinsky has disclosed a continuing susceptibility to cantilena; but it is noticeable that his essays in the cantabile style remain deliberately dry, as though modelled on a conventional song of Beethoven rather than on the richly expressive foliations of Bellini, whose melodic style he so deeply admires; one might almost think that he regarded Bellini as a lost paradise of simplicity and truth, the one province he does not care to enter.

The Symphony in C of 1940, a much under-

rated work which was played under Sir Malcolm Sargent at a BBC all-Stravinsky concert which was to have been conducted by the composer, is an admirable specimen of this interaction of cultures: its charm derives from the ingenious irruptions of brusque and rough elements into the sunny classical garden of the Viennese symphony. Others too, of course, have tried a similar mixture; and the first movement often makes the listener think of Prokofiev. But Stravinsky is neither pulling a long nose at the classics nor hypocritically nestling beneath an eighteenth-century counterpane; his creative and fertilising love for the past shows itself at once in the sheer mastery with which, during the first 25 bars, he adumbrates and leads into his principal subject on the oboe; the Viennese masters themselves did it differently, but no better. The Larghetto, again, is a most beautiful and subtle modification of the flowing lines of a classical slow movement.

After *The Rite of Spring*, Stravinsky's distaste for the loose and gushing style of the late romantics led him towards an ever-increasing dryness and spareness of style. We find an early specimen of this manner in the *Symphonies of Wind Instruments* (1920), which opened the very interesting Stravinsky concert at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, ably conducted by Robert Craft. This piece resembles an artist's sketchbook, in which effects of volume, spacing and texture are noted; it hardly makes the effect of a considered composition until the final pages, which develop something of the swaying impetus of the *Symphony of Psalms* (1930). That work, especially its magnificent finale, is in every way momentous in Stravinsky's career; here, for the first time, he entered a new province: the stiff hieratic enclave of Byzantium. He continued to range the wide world, eventually bringing off a success even in the field of 18th century opera; then the 1948 *Mass* and the 1955 *Canticum Sacrum* reaffirmed an allegiance to Byzantium which now seems the strongest thread in his complex artistic make-up. Not only does the rigidity and encrusted grandeur of Byzantine ritual and art make a powerful appeal to his nature as an artist; it also represents a kind of homecoming. Stravinsky, the twice-uprooted composer, has found in this dark incense-laden atmosphere something of the Russian Orthodox background of his youth.

The *Canticum Sacrum* displays another influence, that of Schönberg, using what seems to be a pretty strict 12-note technique for the three middle movements, and containing two outer movements which are exact "mirrors" of one another; it seemed, even after two performances, the driest piece of music the composer has yet achieved; perhaps it is meant to be just that. The opening sections of the *Mass* sounded very beautiful; whether it fails to maintain this standard, or whether the ear simply tires of the restricted tonal palette, the latter half of this work always seems less interesting. The St. Martin's concert also included Stravinsky's latest published composition, an elaborate and highly successful arrangement of Bach's *Variations on "Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her."* This piece, which lasts some twenty-five minutes, makes a valuable addition to the choral/orchestral repertory. Never have Stravinsky's refinement of ear and mastery of technique been more delightfully displayed than in this quite lavish and un-Byzantine composition. He is indeed, as Sir Arthur Bliss once called him, "a great manipulator of music."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Horns and Plenty

THE gyrations of the English in front of naked sex have always been a source of amazed amusement to foreigners. "Not nice, not nice at all" was the comment on the TV screen by the inhabitants of a new block of flats faced with the statue of a naked woman in their forecourt; and progressive school-teachers who want to interest their pupils in painting have to persuade their Heads that the nude will arouse no erotic tremors in their little charges, though the charges, like the Heads, know better. Not the rose but the fig-leaf has been England's emblem. But things are slowly changing, and *The Country Wife*, as nakedly sexual as you could wish, seems a highly suitable choice as a Christmas frolic for the sophisticated patrons of the Royal Court. The play needs today no Lambseian apology, and the only question is whether it is a good dirty joke or a not so good one; and that may very well in the end be only a matter of personal taste. But in one respect at least it is a question of period taste. The deceived husband no longer strikes us as *ipso facto* funny; the horns of the cuckold are an utterly dead symbol. And, then, either it is less common for old men to marry young girls or we are more indulgent to the folly. Certainly the cruelty of that age's humour to the cuckold is what is most offensive to us now.

This means that many of the jokes on the edges miss their mark, which bears particularly hardly on the first act. Much of this struck me as very tedious, for we seemed to be expected to laugh at the mere pronunciation of the words "pox" or "horns," and Wycherley (especially if one comes straight from Congreve) is a disappointingly inelegant writer. There are perhaps a dozen admirably turned phrases in the play and each receives its full-throated laugh; but much of the stuff is workaday of the period.

The first act takes too long to propound its simple point. The handsome Mr. Horner puts it about the town that he is in the most literal sense unmanned. Excellent news for the husbands —here is a harmless and pretty plaything for their wives. Excellent news for the wives, too, when they find that he is not; he is a pretty plaything that their husbands trust them with. And if the joke starts off slowly it does rise on arpeggios of innuendo to a rousing climax.

The Court company's approach to the play follows much the same curve. It is not, obviously, easy for a scratch company to catch an unaccustomed style and keep it glittering. In that first act disaster seemed to be never very far off; but by the end of the evening the company had won through (and by now, no doubt, they are steady all the way). Mr. George Devine, who directs, has obviously tried to cut through the clichés which still surround our theatrical conception of the period. All that knee-crooking and quizzing and "la-ing" is mercifully out: and Motley mark this with a décor of the greatest simplicity that is also elegant and striking. The danger is of leaving a blank—a danger not entirely avoided on the fringes of the company. But Mr. Laurence Harvey luckily was there at the centre. How this young actor has come on! Quite without affectation or exaggeration, with even a kind of innocence, he succeeded in endearing us somehow to Mr. Horner and his trick. A performance nicely compounded of charm and restraint. Then Miss Joan Plowright won all our hearts as the pretty little country bumpkin who at the end all but blurts out the truth, and Mr. John Moffat in a more old-fashionedly "camp" performance as the silliest of the fops added an incisive note. I liked, too, Miss Diana Churchill's raddled and greedy wife that so justly earned Mr. Esmé Percy's heartfelt cry of "Libidinous Lady!" Mr. Devine once more demonstrated the danger of the double role of actor and producer. As producer alone he would never have allowed himself to fall into the monotony which his part invites.

Have I seemed a little cool towards this production? Then I must add that the large audience seemed to enjoy it with a far less critical abandonment, and I think many others will as well. A critical approach seems curmudgeonly, too, in face of the applause which greeted the Old Vic Christmas attraction *The Merchant of Venice*. The audience was Christmassy—the most vocal parts being schoolchildren—and the production seemed to have anticipated that by arriving at the pantomime style. "Sumptuous" is the word for Mr. Loudon Sainthill's décor, but criticism must add that, though the items were pretty one by one, they failed to compose. There is nothing new to be said about the Old Vic company at the moment; they are all young and inexperienced and their performances are necessarily deficient. There is nothing in these deficiencies (as has been said) that time won't cure: but that in itself will not be enough. Mr. Michael Benthall's kind of production will teach them to move (rather too much) on the stage and to wear elegant clothes. But someone will still have to teach them to act, and above all to speak.

I well remember Mr. Robert Helpmann's admirable Jew in a fine production by Mr. Benthall at Stratford. But I was disappointed to find that this one is less satisfying. Mr. Helpmann can naturally be counted on to be fine in the wordless moments. His defeated exit from the court here is a memorable moment. But vocally this performance seems a fall-away. His voice is deeper and richer but it is unvarying. The monotony is so marked that it must be deliberate. But it is trying.

Let me, finally, very warmly commend the new play at the Fortune Theatre, *Who Cares?*, by Leo Lehmann. This play deserves (and I hope to give it this next week) longer treatment. But what it needs is what every new play desperately needs and more than ever at this time of year—instant support. Admirably acted by a cast headed by Alec Clunes, Denholm Elliott and Valerie Taylor, it describes the impact of a young refugee from behind the Iron Curtain on a conventional English household. That impact is made extraordinarily poignant by the brilliant restraint with which the young refugee is drawn by the author and played by Mr. Denholm Elliott. For all its obvious faults of inexperience this play will touch to the heart. Don't miss it.

T. C. WORSLEY

Looking Back in Anger

IN a remarkably short time the young English realist painters have become a powerful and organised school. Their influence becomes daily more widespread, they have an official critic, and they appear to have found a more or less permanent home in the Beaux Arts Gallery, one of the few London Galleries brave enough to adopt a consistent (and probably not very remunerative) policy. John Bratby, who is at present exhibiting there, is in many ways the purest representative of this school. Michael Fussell, whose exhibition preceded that of Mr. Bratby at the same gallery, is a promising young painter with a highly sophisticated compositional sense and with an obvious concern for purely pictorial considerations that will soon see him expelled from the troop. Jack Smith, whose work has also been seen recently at the Beaux Arts, endows his canvases with a symbolic quality that transcends the squalor of his subjects. But Mr. Bratby is the leader of the look-back-in-anger painters, simultaneously condemning his subjects and revelling in them for their own sake. This is his greatest weakness, and generally the weakness of the school as a whole.

Mr. Bratby is not a true realist in that he does not record with detailed or truthful observation the world in which he lives—this is what the Euston Road painters did in a sincere and thorough, if thoroughly dull, way. Rather he creates for himself a wildly romantic world; he sows his garden with broken milk bottles and empty petrol tins, scatters over a single kitchen table enough packets of Tide to wash the nappies of all the numerous English realist babies, and shouts with obvious enjoyment, "this is life, isn't it horrible!" It remains to be seen how long

such an intensely emotional and contradictory form of vision can be sustained, but in the meantime it cannot be denied that a new sense of virility and attack has been introduced into English painting.

Mr. Bratby is a painter of obvious importance and vitality, and furthermore one of considerable talent. Like the other members of the school, he defiantly paints large canvases, which are presumably hard to sell, and, like them, he produces a great many of them in a short time. Working in this way it is naturally difficult to maintain a consistently high standard, and many of the paintings in the exhibition are ill-conceived and weak; the freedom and violence of technique tend to become a form of affectation and the distortions inconsistent and meaningless; this is particularly noticeable in such paintings as *Jean Holding Baby* and *Jean with Pram*. But a few of the more carefully thought-out and controlled paintings are extremely impressive. The *Self-portrait in a Mirror* is imaginatively composed and executed with real brilliance, and when Mr. Bratby can tear himself away from the kitchen sink (Catalogue Nos. 14, 18, 24 and 29) to let off a few rockets (Catalogue Nos. 27 and 28) the result is decidedly original and exciting.

JOHN GOLDING

A Brilliant Translation

Gervaise, the René Clément version of Zola's *L'Assommoir*, is a triumph. It can be seen at the Cameo-Polytechnic.

For some time Zola had been unlucky in his adapters—or manipulators. A lush, boring *Nana* had been succeeded by a *Thérèse Raquin* brought up to date, romanticised, and robbed even of its central agony. Everything about that Carné production seemed wilfully misconceived: colour instead of black and white, extra dialogue where there should have been silence, extra plot to make up for what had been frittered away, and to cap all a veneer of cheap fatalism. In sum, as complete an exposition of how *not* to film *Thérèse Raquin* as might be thought humanly possible.

But now comes *Gervaise* to redress the balance. Clément's method is at all points the opposite of Carné's, and might almost have been provoked by it. He has faith in his original (no bad starting-point, after all!); saturates himself in Zola and his times; seizes the advantages of the film as a medium for Naturalism. Here the rewards are rich. Zola was excited by the early camera and saw with its eye the ancient squalors under a new industrialism, slums, agitations, gaieties, cracked walls and crushed lives, and the majestical steam-rolling of fate. All this has a special appeal to the cinema, and Clément has made it his business to isolate that appeal, to create out of it a style as meticulous and forceful as possible. Make it look right (he might have said to himself), and the rest will follow.

So it has turned out. *Gervaise* is Zola made visible, from the battle of the wash-house at the beginning to the drear, drab inn-bench at the end; and all those seethings of the original—Paris awakening and in the twilight, the wash-tub saga, the wedding party's trip to the Louvre, a whole neighbourhood haunted by an accident, a lover's return, roast goose behind steamy windows, the ups and downs of poverty, and the final deliquescence in drink—all are in the screen's element. Clément realises his chances with agility and strength. His material has urged him to cut through the accumulated glosses of film fashion, so that (one could hardly offer higher praise) he emerges not far from the first half of *Greed*: for in Stroheim the cinema already had its own, if rejected, Zola.

Not that *Gervaise* is all middle-background or behavourism—far from it. The people live, fiercely and comically, and the black bitterness that will engulf so many has the force of tragedy. Gervaise herself limps with a tired, sweet smile, fights for a husband to her children and is saddled with two, longs after her own laundry shop, gets it, and has it snatched from her, loses everything at last sitting in a drunk daze, while her child runs off with a new ribbon to play. Maria Schell plays this smirched lily to the final droop with a beautifully judged appeal; and as the husband, the bold roof-mender broken by a fall, and bombinating gradually into drunken chaos, François Perier gives a remarkable performance. The scenes of the feast, of the two husbands in league, of his cupping, and ultimate breaking loose and arrest have a garish splendour. A dozen or so lesser characters are no less in the picture. It is a world with similar stresses and pities as that of Dickens, not so rich in humour or humanity, but far deeper-rooted in the necessities and in passion.

René Clément has realised it to the full; and in doing justice to Zola, he has greatly benefited the cinema.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Setting the Toddlers Free

PROPHECIES keep on coming true these days. First it was the government grant to the Independent Television Authority. Now comes the ending of the "toddlers' truce" (from 6 to 7 p.m.): I noted last summer that this was breaking down, spontaneously and without anguished protests by parents or noticeable harm to children, under the overwhelming impact of Wimbledon and other sporting events; and foresaw that, after a few faint wriggles, the government would not be able to resist the pressure for continuous weekday evening television, when the commercial interests chose to apply it firmly. Naturally, the concession had to be wrapped up in ministerial cant about freedom for parents to decide how much television is good for their children; it was not mentioned that the only reason for the change was that the programme companies couldn't bear any longer the thought of all that lucrative advertising time going to waste.

This is a far more generous Christmas present than the "chicken-feed" grant of £100,000; and it comes at a time when their financial position is sounder, anyway than it was a year ago. True, they still have heavy initial capital expenditure to make good; but they can now start to do so.

It is difficult to estimate at all accurately how much the concession will prove to be worth in extra advertising revenue. For the four companies together, this cannot well come to less than a million pounds a year; a rough calculation—including a good deal of guesswork, and assuming that all the new time for commercials will be taken up by advertisers as soon as the revised arrangement comes into force in mid-February—shows that the gross increase could be of the order of four millions; but there are many imponderables.

Experts insist that 6 to 7 p.m. will not be a peak viewing time, and that the peak rate of about £1,000 a minute will therefore not be chargeable for the six minutes to which commercials are limited. They say this because they see the increase in viewers each hour from afternoon to late evening as a section of a regular series of steps, and they assume that the missing step (6-7) will conform with the existing pattern. This seems to me too mechanistic a calculation, ignoring as it does the social fact that at about six o'clock in the evening millions of viewers have just arrived home from work and are in a relaxed and receptive mood. Again, the type of programme that will be put on between 6 and 7 may cost as much as a million pounds a year more than the unpretentious, chatty programmes for housewives at present put out between 4 and 5, an hour which most of the companies will presumably no longer use (since the maximum permitted time will still be fifty hours a week); and some loss of revenue on 4-5 commercials—not very great—must also be set against the 6-7 revenue. These deductions (and the advertising agencies' discount) might halve our speculative four-million gross increase. Probably between one and two millions is a fair guess for the first year.

I should add that the companies (inverting the familiar "the devil-was-sick" behaviour-pattern) do not propose to fill the new hour with anti-social rubbish. It may indeed assist in achieving the long-sought "balance." There is to be a major news-bulletin in the early evening, as well as the late one. Another attempt may be made to devise a science programme satisfactory both on merit and on rating. One programme may be on the lines of the successful American programme, *You Were There*—a re-creation in film and in live interview, of major historical events of the not-too-distant past. Special attention is also to be paid to 'teen-agers, who are thought to be neglected by TV in comparison with adults and children.

This change will handicap the BBC still further in its struggle against ITV. To fill adequately the hour that is now blank would cost an extra half-million pounds at least. Moreover, whereas the BBC is equally restricted to fifty hours a week, it may be easier for the commercial companies, operating regionally, to spread the time in the ways most acceptable in the various regions and most profitable to themselves. London, for instance, will take TV later at night than the North will. It is expected that the important policy decisions now facing the BBC will be taken by the Governors in mid-January: if they decide to meet ITV's 6-7 challenge, that will not give the programme-planners and producers any too much time to work out the new schedule.

On the night after the announcement of the concession to ITV, the BBC broadcast the most remarkable dramatised documentary that I have yet seen on either channel: a study of prostitution entitled *Without Love*. That this could be done at all was a reminder of the continuing significance, indeed the primacy, of the BBC; for Mary Adams was entitled to claim, in her introduction, that only the BBC could have done it. This vivid picture of the life of a young girl coming to London and drifting into prostitution could not possibly have been broken up by aphrodisiac commercials of shampoos and cosmetics. It was justified, in all its sordid realism, by its seriousness of intention and by its illumination of a problem of public importance for millions who have never visited Soho or Piccadilly at night.

Some of the transitions in time were a little too sudden—e.g., the jump from the first night in the dance-club to the four-month pregnancy. I doubt, too, whether a girl who reacted so naively to her first Soho menu and her first glass of champagne would have cried "Porter!" with such assurance on her first arrival at Euston (and whether she would have got one so quickly at 3 a.m.). But her working-class home and the scenes in West-end streets and clubs, and in court, were rendered with magnificent authenticity; and script, production, and acting were all worthy of each other. The whole thing was so compelling that it seemed perfectly natural to hear, on the BBC screen, such words as "ponce" and statistics of VD; and the discussion that followed was as adult and civilised as the programme itself—Miss Laski, Mrs. Halpin of the LCC, a doctor and a QC (both anonymous) all contributing far more sensible and humane comments than usually come from a TV panel.

They noted one omission from the programme: it showed little of the background or motives of the prostitutes' customers. Nor did it indicate the prevalence of homosexuality among female prostitutes. As this programme may have been devised with one eye on the forthcoming report of the departmental committee on homosexuality and prostitution, the BBC might now consider a further courageous experiment—a documentary on homosexuality.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—Why is Mr. Mendelson so concerned to prove his point about the activities of Radio Free Europe in Hungary? Few NEW STATESMAN readers doubt that this organisation is guilty of encouraging enslaved peoples to rise, when in fact the West has no intention of aiding them militarily. If in fact Radio Free Europe did try to establish itself in Györ, this tells us little about the Hungarian revolutionaries. It is not unnatural for any revolution to accept support from even the most suspect sources in its early days.

Mr. Mendelson still seems excessively shocked at the sacking of Communist bookshops. I am quite prepared to accept L.H.'s view of this as a symbolic act, akin to flag-trampling, the destruction of statues, and to the less innocent lynching of many persons, AVH men and Party members in particular, who were associated with a hated regime.

I do not condone these acts—although I shed no tears for the AVH men, at least—but your correspondent ought to realise that revolutions are rarely conducted in a gentlemanly sporting spirit, and that angry people do not always draw nice distinctions between their real enemies and the moderates, such as Mr. Nagy and his government, who have the difficult task of controlling a revolution and restoring order.

Nevertheless, the last speech, on November 4, of Mr. Nagy showed that he did not wish for the "order" imposed by Soviet guns to be "restored," and that he retained that faith in the Hungarian revolution that Mr. Mendelson appears to lack.

As to the point about the reappearance of Horthyite uniforms, journals, etc.: no regime, however ruthless, manages to wipe out all supporters of an earlier dictatorship; also, men forget quickly, and no doubt to many Hungarians who are in no sense Fascist, Horthy's dictatorship seemed, after years of Rakosi terror, to be a relatively happy period.

It seems to me that Mr. Mendelson suffers from what I am sorry to have to call several liberal delusions:—

(a) That a revolution, even against an admittedly bloodstained tyranny, must keep itself pure, not associating in any way with politically suspect groups, even where the revolution is as spontaneous and ill-organised as most people consider the Hungarian one to have been;

(b) That this lack of "purity," and the commission of various bloodthirsty acts, or even of such harmless ones as the destruction of Communist propaganda, in some way not exactly justifies, but helps to explain away, the intervention of a power which is, I am convinced, still intent upon world domination.

I would like to submit two main reasons for the second intervention of Russia:—

First, that she could not tolerate the prospect of other satellites—and even possibly of her own people—being inspired by the example of Hungary to fight for their own freedom.

Secondly, that the invasion of Egypt, far from causing her any fear, assured her of lack of unity among the Western nations, and support, or lack of condemnation, from Asia and Africa at the crucial time.

Such letters as Mr. Mendelson's, however well-intentioned, are dangerous because they lull our newly-awakened wariness of the U.S.S.R. by suggesting that the suppression of their revolution was very largely the Hungarians' own fault, and that if Russia had not intervened we should soon have had a right-wing dictatorship in Hungary. I do not believe this would have been the case; all west European countries have extreme right-wing elements, who would no doubt make themselves unpleasant in the event of any armed disturbances; but they all manage in fact to preserve their democracy.

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EDEN AGONISTES

SIR,—To many, it will have seemed a long shot to connect the recent Suez crisis with the British class-system. But in doing so, Mr. Muggeridge has gone nearer the heart of the matter than any of the other commentators. Indeed, he has penetrated to the heart of more matters than the Suez crisis. He has stated the fundamental reasons for which this country is less and less able to assume leadership in—or, more importantly, to influence beneficially, whether leading or not—the counsels of the present-day world.

The whole train of events since 1918 has shown clearly that the dice are loaded in favour of a Tory, or quasi-Tory, administration in Britain. Mr. Muggeridge has outlined some of the means by which this loading has been maintained, and I like his analysis. I wish I could also share his optimism in thinking that Eden's action over Suez will bring the whole carefully erected class-edifice to the ground. Unfortunately, there are sound precedents tending to the view that no such collapse will occur. We saw how much electoral disaffection was caused by the Depression, and even the much-proclaimed "bloodless revolution" of 1945—with all the genuine progress it did achieve—has given place to a mentality not far removed from that of the late Thirties.

As Mr. Muggeridge says, political parties can live down the most appalling errors of judgment while they are in office, and this is supremely true of the party at present in power. I think it will take more than the Suez fiasco to bring the government down—let alone the class-system it champions.

While the Tories continue to preach a way of life which appeals to the original cave-man in all of us—to that part of us which glories in our presence in the lifeboat, regardless of the fate of brother Jack—I see little chance of a rapid wane in their appeal. Mr. Muggeridge is right in showing how carefully the upper-class ideal has been cultivated, but there had to be, in the first place, that something in the minds of the majority to which the ideal could appeal.

Only through a long-term educative process can a sufficiently fundamental revolution be effected in people's minds to put the "lifeboat" philosophy firmly astern and to give Britain the kind of ungrandiose greatness which alone counts in the world of today.

LONDONER

TEACHERS' DOLE

SIR,—I am glad to read the letter (December 15) headed "Teachers' Dole" protesting against large classes in primary schools, which in my opinion is the greatest evil in the teaching profession.

After forty years struggling in the classroom with classes of 60 to 40 I have painfully learnt that only classes up to 30 children can be "taught" whatever methods are adopted.

When there are over 30 in the class, one simply "organises." There is no alternative, unless, perhaps, one has an educational genius for a head teacher, in a perfect 20th-century school building with perfect parents and perfect tax payers to deal with!

As it is, for every educational idea one considers, the query is, can it be adapted for a forty-plus class? All the good ideas can't. So one finally ends up with safe mass methods "where nothing can go wrong."

The only time in my forty years in the classroom (1910-50) when I had a respite from this "organising" and felt free to "teach" individuals was during the two world wars when half the class stayed away.

How happily we worked together then! How the so-called "backward ones" came on! It is true, as the writer says, that parents are remarkably apathetic about this state of affairs. They agree it is not right but as their children do not look noticeably unhappy and the teacher tries her best not to look too much like "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," they do not realise the seriousness of the situation.

I think if the teachers would convince the parents that their children would have a much better chance of winning a scholarship (the be-all and end-all for so many parents) if they were in smaller classes from the infants school upwards, many of them would raise a clamour.

As things are now, when reviewing my period of service, I see the hundreds and hundreds of interesting, worthwhile children that have passed through my hands, but cannot recall having had five minutes relaxed individual conversation with any one of them!

RUTH M. LAYTON

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AIDING AFRICANS

SIR,—South Africa is again in the limelight, this time with the news of the arrests of 140 liberals of various denominations.

It is to be regretted that the press in this country did not give it the prominence it deserves. Britain's delegates at the U.N. can no longer argue that the suppression of Africans in South Africa is a domestic affair of that country, coming as it does immediately after the Hungarian affair.

We hope that the British public will show their disgust of *Apartheid* and suppression of Human Rights by contributing to the fund initiated by Christian Action and the Movement for Colonial Freedom. Needless to say, this is an opportunity for the British people to demonstrate that they are still on the side of the underdog.

A. R. MOHAMED

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PYGMALION

SIR,—Congratulations to Critic on having last week elicited from the Society of Authors the same sort of reply as others have been getting for several weeks! "A great fuss and nonsense," our friends of the Shaw Society of America were less politely told from the same source, but they were less likely to be taken in by such answers. What Mr. St. John Ervine (himself President of the League of Dramatists) has here called an "intolerable situation" is even more intolerable in the United States, extending as it does there to university, amateur, and stock theatre companies.

"There is no ban on *Pygmalion*," insists the Society of Authors, but nothing else we have heard or read during the past few weeks would lead us to modify our own views on the very severe restrictions on performances of Shaw's own play in favour of an American musical adaptation of it (however delightful that musical from the non-Shavian standpoint). These views we expressed forcibly enough in the protest that helped to bring matters to a head by provoking such a lengthy and spirited correspondence in *The Times*—mainly from the "big guns," as Critic is pleased to call them, and every single letter save the Society of Authors' own denial supported our point of view. Indeed, we feel now even more strongly in the matter, and certainly still hold the restrictions (which remain in force, though they may now be tactfully modified until the autumn of 1957) to be "an unprecedented betrayal of a dead man by those whom he trusted"—though we might not now go on to add, as we did, "and whom we had expected to act from higher motives." We have learned from the ensuing correspondence (notably from Mr. Stephen Spender) that the combined function of commercial agency and professional literary association is by no means a happy one for the Society of Authors to undertake.

What is to become of the safeguarding Section 4 of the 1911 Copyright Act (whereby a dead man's work may not be withheld from circulation) when that Act is at any time now replaced by the new one? Maybe it is this section even that accounts for any immediate "tactfulness." And what will happen if, as well may be, several other Shaw plays are adapted as musicals? And, incidentally, will anyone dare to deny that there is a pretty ex-

tensive commercial ban, right now and everywhere, on the film of *Pygmalion*?

I submit that all this, and other very damning evidence, adds up to more than just "a silly error" and "a storm in a teacup."

ERIC J. BATSON
Hon. General Secretary

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45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

DEATH OF A HERO

SIR,—Mr. John Berger thinks it "ignorantly impertinent" of Mr. Golding to hope that Guttuso will leave the Communist Party. We are to take it, then, that Mr. Berger is himself undisturbed by recent events in Hungary. But will he, on an ignorant and impertinent invitation from me, be even more precise in publicly defending the party's present analysis of these events? Will he answer the following quite simple questions?

(1) Does he think that it would be reasonably accurate to describe the Russian military forces in Hungary as an army of liberation?

(2) Would he agree that the Kadar regime represents the real will of the Hungarian workers and peasants?

(3) Is it correct to describe the so-called "Workers' Councils" in Hungary as the agents of fascism, counter-revolution and western imperialism?

It seems important, at times like these, that opinions on events in both Hungary and Egypt should be expressed with the utmost clarity, so that they shall not be obscured by the carefully generated fogs which lie ahead of us. Would Mr. Berger please give as straight answers as he knows how: and it would be a real courtesy if he could avoid using the words "objective" and "objectively."

PHILIP TOYNBEE

Lindsey,
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Suffolk.

ENGINEERS' WAGES

SIR,—Your comments on the rejection of the engineers' claim for a 10 per cent. wage increase, by the Employers' Federation, quotes figures which give both an exaggerated and distorted view of the real conditions in the industry as a whole.

The basic rate in this area for skilled engineers is 3s. 10d. (approx.) per hour, making a minimum wage of £8 8s. 4d. for a 44-hour week.

Some, *not all*, receive from 10s. to 20s. per week above this rate, and bonus schemes and piece-work rates often implement this income in very varying decrees.

In some cases more of these extras are available, and in some areas basic rates are even lower.

To assess the great majority of engineers' wages, exclusive of overtime, at £10 per week, would in our opinion, be a generous estimate.

The average "official" figure of £12 12s., exclusive of overtime, seems to us fantastic, especially as this average includes unskilled labour on even a lower rate than ourselves. Who else does it include to bring the average so high? In view of the false impression created by "official averages" we concur with you that real facts dispose of the Federation claim of high or even adequate wages in the industry in general.

KENNETH S. EDWARDS — ARTHUR TOWNEND
R. SHEPHERD — H. CLARKE
H. C. WOOD — W. HANSON

24 Hessle View,
Leeds, 6.

A TANGLED WEB . . .

SIR,—The article "A Tangled Web . . ." in your issue of December 8 states that during the Suez crisis the government attempted to bring pressure upon the B.B.C. and the I.T.A. The B.B.C., apparently, managed to stand firm, but "the independent television companies, however, which are more directly dependent on government goodwill, have been noticeably more responsive to pressure from Downing Street."

I don't know to what pressure the other independent television programme companies have been subjected, but no attempt has been made to put pressure on Granada.

SIDNEY L. BERNSTEIN

Granada TV Network Limited,
Manchester.

PRIESTLEY AND LEAVIS

SIR,—How right Mr. John Wain is and how tired we all are of "the closed-in, stale atmosphere that hangs about their [the English literary intelligentsia's] controversies." His New Year resolution—"to learn how to dispute directly about a subject"—is very welcome. I'm sure that if he keeps it and if he can persuade most of his friends to do so, much of the kind of thing he complains of will disappear.

His interesting letter is, though, a little marred by a confusion which may mislead your readers. Modishly, showing how the writer is in touch with the life of the people, Mr. Wain draws an analogy between "confusion" on the literary and football fields, which might have been fruitful if it hadn't been inaccurate. He writes that in football the referee blows his whistle when that condition exists, at which "the players all go back to their original position." If Mr. Wain is thinking of Association football he is wrong: the whistle is blown only when a player breaks one of the game's laws. In Rugby football it is true that the referee may blow his whistle when a loose maul has deteriorated and it seems unlikely that the ball will emerge. But in this case the confusion exists partly because the players are occupying their original positions. They may be confused as they wish, but if they obey the rules and heel the ball, no whistle will blow.

I am not pointing this out to make Mr. Wain look foolish but to suggest that his analogy precisely drawn might have emphasised the difficulties inherent in literary squabbles. Who is going to act as referee? And by what laws will be blow his whistle? Hasn't one of the more comic, if tiresome, aspects of the controversies of the past three or four years been that the players think they are the referee? Mr. Wain, for example, obviously thinks he has a licence to blow a whistle.

Swansea. W. JOHN MORGAN

BACK TO THE BOOK

SIR,—It has become the custom to start a book review by talking about something else, and carrying on like this for about half the allotted space before casually coming round to the book. Often the essence of the book is barely detected by the reader of the review. When several books are reviewed in one column, the reviewer plays "Guess which one I've switched to now." Examples of this painstaking nonchalance are found every week in your journal. Typical is Walter Allen's "Two American Ladies" of December 8.

Will reviewers please tell me what a book is about, then attempt an evaluation? Never mind what you've read before; never mind these foreign phrases you picked up at school; give the wit a rest and get back to the book you're paid to review.

5 New Edinburgh Road, ARTHUR HOLLAND
Uddington, Glasgow.

THE ENGLISH OUT OF IRELAND

SIR,—I am indeed pleased that Mr. Brendan Behan, whom I know to be a relation of my old friend, Hugh Mahon Behan, should have mentioned my name, which is rarely on the lips of the younger generation in Ireland, as it was when I was able to take a part in our national life.

Nevertheless, I cannot agree with him that all has been well regarding slum clearance in Dublin. Many of the old familiar smells have certainly been eliminated, but instead we now have unsightly and rapidly deteriorating piles which in a few years are bound to lead to a recurrence of the old trouble in an even more virulent form, as can already be seen in several of the Northside streets.

POGEMA HONE

The Gables,
Ballyfermot, Co. Dublin.

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"A novel in the classical tradition . . . an enthralling story . . . a major work of art . . . one is in the hands of a master."—GERALD BULLETT, *The Bookman*.
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16*s*.

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MARY LEE SETTLE
"A brilliant historical reconstruction and a creative work in its own right."—PETER GREEN, *Daily Telegraph*.
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This is the *complete* account of the most famous aerodrome and racing track in the world. Edited by CHARLES GARDNER, it contains 48 *full-page illustrations*, many of which have never appeared in print before, and is a unique record of the birthplace of two great British Industries—Aircraft and Motor Cars. 25*s*.

HEINEMANN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Mrs. Bennet and the Dark Gods

ALTHOUGH our age has witnessed the superseding of tame traditional criticism by the anthropological-psychological method, the study of Jane Austen has not yet caught up with the new movement. Her critics still talk about "social comedy" and "eighteenth-century rationality" and the like. The revolutionary exponents of archetypal myth, who have revealed unsuspected depths in many familiar works of literature, have quite failed to see Jane Austen's essential affinity with Melville and Kafka.

That her mythic patterns should have gone so long unrecognised is startling evidence of the real subtlety of her mind and art, which have been so much praised for shallow reasons. Even a brief examination of the occult structuring of *Pride and Prejudice** will establish Jane Austen's claim to be the first great exemplar of the modern mythic consciousness. If conventional criticism should object that she was a notably rational person, and that she had read little outside eighteenth-century belles-lettres, it may be said in reply that it is of the essence of the mythic technique that it should be at least half unconscious, that its operations should disclose themselves only to the anthropological critic. It may be granted that the various myths which underlie the smooth and simple surface of *Pride and Prejudice* are not fully and organically developed but—in keeping with the fragmentariness of the modern psyche and its world—are only momentarily touched or blended in nebulous and shifting configurations; yet their presence in depth re-creates the values implicit in the outwardly commonplace situations of genteel village life. In mythic criticism the great thing is to find some semi-submerged rocks to stand on.

To the average casual reader, the first short chapter of *Pride and Prejudice* appears only to state the common theme of love and marriage, to set forth the character and situation of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet and their five marriageable daughters, and to report the arrival in the neighbourhood of a highly eligible young bachelor, Mr. Bingley. Yet, from this brief and supposedly comic exposition, hints of the mythic and even mystic emerge. The famous first sentence, "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife," goes far beyond surface literalness. For on the next page we are told that Mrs. Bennet had been a beauty, and the single man in want of a wife reflects that desire for perpetuation of beauty expounded in Plato's *Symposium*. Ironically, although Mrs. Bennet has, in Platonic language, experienced "birth in beauty" five times, only one of her daughters is really beautiful; but it is this one that soon attracts Bingley.

Further, who and what is Bingley, the mysterious, ebullient stranger from the north who descends with his band of followers (his two sisters and Mr. Hurst and Mr. Darcy) upon a sleepy, conventional society and whom young people at once look to for providing dances? Clearly he is Dionysus, the disturbing visitor from northern Thrace. And who then is Pentheus, the king of Thebes who resisted the newcomer and was torn to pieces by the Maenads led by his own mother? Such violent data had to be somewhat adjusted by the author, yet it is hardly less clear that Pentheus is Mr. Bennet, the king of his small domain who is resentful of strangers and professedly unwilling to call on Bingley (his lack of tragic integrity is betrayed by his actually calling), and who undergoes a symbolic death in that he has no son and that his estate is entailed. Mrs. Bennet, to be sure, is not responsible for the entail, but she nags about it constantly, and she has urged her husband to cultivate Bingley, so that she must be a surrogate for Pentheus' Maenad mother. Bingley's fortune is a patent transliteration of the ivy and wine of Dionysus (the family money had been acquired in trade, undoubtedly distilling); and his sudden, unexplained comings and goings correspond to the epiphanies of the god. The mythic character of Darcy and of his relation to Bingley is less certain. However, his dominating personality and his initial blindness to the charms of Elizabeth Bennet suggest the blind seer Tiresias as the mentor of Dionysus-Bingley. (I pass by the obvious homosexuality; on this level the two men are Hercules and Hylas.) Thus the simple persons and incidents of the novel take on from the start richly evocative and even sinister connotations.

As the story proceeds and tensions develop, the mythic pattern, and with it some individual roles, undergo subtle transformations; one myth shades into another. The once pretty Mrs. Bennet, whose sole concern is to get her daughters married, is an embodiment of the unthinking life-force that works through women, and she is Dionysiac in her devotion to Bingley. Her motherhood and her earthy mentality might at first suggest identification with the Earth Goddess, but one explicit clue indicates that she is the goddess of love, born of the sea—she is a native of Meryton, the town of *mare*, the sea. On this new level, Mr. Bennet is more complex and obscure, because in projecting him Miss Austen uses not so much the orthodox and familiar myth of Venus and Adonis but some Renaissance variations of it. On the one hand, in his cool indifference to his emotional wife and in his desire to be left alone in his library, Mr. Bennet is the cold Adonis, intent on his hunting, of Shakespeare's poem. On the other hand, Jane Austen fuses with this conception the Neoplatonic symbolism of Spenser's "Garden of Adonis": as an intellectual, and the parent of five daughters, Mr. Bennet is Spenser's Adonis, "the Father of all Forms," and Mrs. Bennet is Spenser's Venus, simply unformed Matter. Whatever scepticism conventional scholarship may have concerning some of these interpretations, no one could dispute this last point.

But the security of Venus and Adonis is threatened (and will eventually be destroyed) by the Boar. In Jane Austen's multiple layers of meaning, the Boar is the entail, which comes into force with Mr. Bennet's death and which is personified in his heir, the Rev. Mr. Collins. We have here what is perhaps the most striking mythic ambiguity in the book. Mr. Collins is both the Boar and the Bore (and his clerical status adds a further though unexploited element of traditional ritualism). Mr. Collins is in fact the axis of several polarities.

As if this interweaving of mythic patterns were not complex enough, the same pattern, with new features added, is worked out on another level and takes shape as the central figure in the carpet. The older Venus and Adonis are partly paralleled in a younger Venus and Adonis, Elizabeth and the initially proud and indifferent Darcy; but this second version operates in a vein of paradox. Mr. Bennet had in his youth been allured by a pretty face and had later discovered the stupidity behind it; Darcy, at first cold and then attracted by beauty, discovers the spirit and charm that go with it and falls deeply in love. Elizabeth, though misled for a time by the specious Wickham (a sort of Anteros), comes to love Darcy in her turn. But the security of the young pair's new relation is threatened by a variety of circumstances and most explicitly by a new Boar-Bore, not now Mr. Collins but his patroness, Lady Catherine (who has also some Gorgonish traits). Mr. Collins, like the mythical boar, while really killing had only sought to kiss (he proposed to Elizabeth); Lady Catherine, seeking to kill the relation between her nephew Darcy and Elizabeth, instead brings about his renewed proposal and acceptance. Some of these features of the design have, it is true, been noticed in conventional criticism, but only on the personal and social level; the deeper dimensions and reverberations have been completely missed.

There are many particulars one would like to go into, for instance, Elizabeth's uncle, Mr. Gardiner, whom Darcy so unexpectedly invites to fish on his estate: what is Mr. Gardiner's relation to the Fisher King, and what of the veiled phallicism in the allusion to fishing tackle? But only one other thread in the variegated web of complexity can be touched upon, the most central of all archetypal myths, the theme of death and rebirth. Jane Austen's heavy reliance upon this is all the more remarkable because she is commonly said to avoid the subject of death altogether; she never has a principal character die and only rarely reports such remote deaths as may contribute to the plot. But the real reason now becomes apparent: she did not deal with the subject in ordinary ways simply because her stories of young love are set against a dark mythic background of death. In *Pride and Prejudice* hints of mortality appear at the very beginning, in such place-names as Longbourn ("man goeth to his long home"; "The undiscover'd country from whose bourn No traveller returns") and Netherfield (the nether or lower world). There is a recurrent stress on physical frailty: Kitty Bennet has spells of coughing; Jane Bennet falls ill at Netherfield; Anne de Bourgh is sickly; and there is a whole crowd of adults whose parents are dead; etc. We have already observed the insistent significance of the entail and Mr. Collins, who will inherit the estate when Mr. Bennet dies. In proposing

* *Pride and Prejudice: A Novel.* By the author of *Sense and Sensibility*. 3 vols. *T. Egerton, Military Library, Whitehall.* 18s.

to Elizabeth, the magnanimous Mr. Collins says that he knows she will, after her mother's death, have no more than a thousand pounds in the four per cents. Such hieroglyphics of pain and death, both mythic and worldly, are reinforced by the process of the seasons. The book opens in early autumn, and in this season of harvest and death there is the ritual dance, which, ominously, takes place at Netherfield, Bingley's house. It is during the late autumn and winter that blows fall upon the Bennets—Mr. Collins's unhappy visit, Bingley's departure and abandoning of Jane Bennet and her heavy disappointment and Elizabeth's sympathy for her. The worst blow, Lydia's elopement with Wickham (note, by the way, the ancient view of the shallow, sensual quality of Lydian music), does occur in the summer, but it is this event that sets everything in motion toward rebirth, or what is crudely called a happy ending. Darcy—now a saving Hercules—rescues Lydia and wins Elizabeth; Dionysus-Bingley returns and is restored to Jane; and Mrs. Bennet, again a radiant Venus, rises from the depths in a foam of rejoicing.

Almost all the characters and incidents of the novel, under close scrutiny, will yield their mythic overtones, but perhaps enough has been said here to stimulate a critic who has the time and the insight for fuller investigation. The subject of archetypal myth in Jane Austen needs a book, and will doubtless get one.

DOUGLAS BUSH

Reports on Time

By Edwin Muir

After 1984

Even now we speak of Eighty-four
Although that world is far away.
It is not strange that children play
Their games again. . . . A random score
Of veterans still recall the day
That drove the murdering lies away.

The young say that necessity
Decided all should happen so;
Men did not act, but history.—
We who remember do not know,
And still to us the event is strange.
We cannot understand that change.

For how from nothing could come so much?
We the deprived and uncommitted,
Nothing being left us to commit,
Who could not even be manumitted
Because no one could see or touch
Our fetters locked so far within,
And not a key in the world to fit;
We who had been so carefully bred
Not to feel sorrow or be pleased—
How could we ever be released?
Turn about widdershins and be free?
Love and murder, pity and sin
Turned our monotone to red.

The secret universe of the blind
Cannot be known. Just so we were
Shut from ourselves even in our mind;
Only a twisting chaos within
Turned on itself, not knowing where
The exit was, salvation gate.
Was it chaos that set us straight,
The elements that rebelled, not we?
Or the anguish never to find
Ourselves, somewhere, at last, and be?
We must escape, no matter where.

Accident? Miracle? Then we fought
On to this life that was before,
Only that, no less, no more,
Strangely familiar. In the Nought
Did we beget it in our thought?

The Strange Return

Behind him Hell sank in the plain.
He saw far off the liquid glaze
Of burning somewhere: that was all.
A burning there or in his brain?
He could not tell. His was a case,
He thought, that put all Hell in doubt,
Though he had cause to know that place.
Had They some darker thought in mind,
Arranged his flight, inveigled him out
To walk half-way from Heaven to Hell?
Was where he stood a dream of stone?
No matter, he was here alone.
And then he saw a tangled chain,
His foot-prints following him behind
And stretching to the prison lock;
And there two towers like ears a-cock.
Would They answer to his knock,
Brush all aside and let him in,
Crack a dry witticism on sin,
Excuse his saunter over the sand,
If he returned? Or understand?
But then the towers like ears a-cock.

How from that bastion could he fall
Like Lazarus backwards into life
To travel to another death?
And now in buried distances
There was a wakening and he heard
Common word at odds with word,
A child's voice crying, "Let me be!"
In that world he could not touch,
And others saying, "Be in time"
With such a strange anxiety.
(And he himself caught here in time.)
The young girl's brow, the vertical cleft
Above the eyes that saw too much
Too soon—how could he counter these,
Make friends with the evils, take his part,
Salute the inner and outer strife,
The bickering between doubt and faith,
Inherit the tangle he had left,
Outface the trembling at his heart?

Three feet away a little tree
Put out in pain a single bud
That did not fear the ultimate fire.
And in a flash he knew it all,
The long-forgotten and new desire,
And looked and saw the tree was good.

Minou or Triton ?

First Poems. By MINOU DROUET. Trs. MARGARET CROSLAND. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Child painters and child musicians—engaging primitives or technical wonders—are tolerable phenomena. Most of them keep their place, which is within the limits of their own un-adult experience. Child writers, though, who deal in the highly sophisticated medium of language, are in a different category. In print, they are acceptable only on terms; they must be innocent as well as pleasing and original. The difficulties of achieving this must be great, for writing prodigies are extraordinarily rare. Borrowed emotion, taken from the wrong kind of reading, is a major pitfall. Marjory Fleming, nourished on Calvinistic texts and the masculine poems of Scott, may have used the verbiage of her time, but her passions and her humour were her own. Daisy Ashford, so shrewd an observer, succeeded by having no soft emotions at all. Both remained their age. Child writers, in fact, must flourish as children. The best of them do not seem to turn into adult geniuses, nor were the illustrious usually prodigies of the printable sort. Young Miss Austen was a shade too pert; young Miss Charlotte Brontë too passionate. We value their early work for the sake of the late.

Minou Drouet is the first literary prodigy to appear for a long time. From her portrait she is a dear little girl, pretty, elf-like and shy, with a charming smile. When did she start writing? How long has she been with her adoptive mother? *What* does she read? Who administered the spankings she frequently speaks of in her verse? We are not told. Still, even if we must take the poems flat, we can see that she has certainly evolved a manner, and that she can do wonderful things with her own sensations. A typically good poem is on running water; another is on the loss of her dog. There is an interesting poem called *Night* which begins nicely enough:

Shakespeare at the Old Vic 1955-6

ROGER WOOD and MARY CLARKE

The third of the lavishly illustrated records of the Old Vic's Five Year Plan, with photographs by Roger Wood and text by Mary Clarke. Among the fine performances recorded here are *Julius Caesar* with Paul Rogers as Brutus and John Neville as Mark Antony; *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with Wendy Hiller and Margaret Rawlings as the wives and Paul Rogers as Falstaff; *The Winter's Tale*; Richard Burton in *Henry V* and, alternating the title role and that of Iago with John Neville, *Othello*, and Tyrone Guthrie's riotously original production in the Edwardian romantic style of *Troilus and Cressida*, with John Neville and Rosemary Harris in the title parts, Wendy Hiller as Helen of Troy (playing Schubert's *Marche Militaire* on the piano) and Paul Rogers, complete with grey top hat and binoculars a most memorable Pandarus. *Fully illustrated.* 25*s.*

HAMISH HAMILTON

Because of your singing
fingers
on the piano tonight
I jumped out of my pink bed
and in my blue night-gown
I went down into the dark
garden.

(The trick arrangement of the lines is characteristic of Minou's style.) The close, however, has a splendid stab. A bouquet is gathered to lay on the recipient's pillow. When ready, it is tied "with the slippery bow/of a blue eel." Students of Minou may echo Shelley's words about the presentation—"Ah, to whom?"

Only two of the poems are given in the original; a pity, for Minou's simple, impressionistic style could be followed by anyone with the usual English knowledge of French. The translation is clear and sometimes effective, but at times there is an adult undertone. *"Arbre pareil à moi/ . . . qui n'es plus comme moi/que des nerfs tendus /sur le gris du ciel"* becomes "Tree like me/ . . . now like me/only tense nerves/against the grey sky." "Tense nerves", surely, is worrying. Still, however odd that piece of translation, childlikeness is not Minou's most evident quality. "The shiny morning/ like a big strawberry tart" is fine; so, too, is the fairy-tale opening of a notable poem called *The Bridle*. This kind of thing, on the other hand, is not:

the knowledge
that life
so short
so fluid
so terribly fugitive
left us
so rarely
the time to love each other.

It is bad in the wrong sort of way. The question remains, whether it is in the wrong sort of way that Minou's good poems are good.

And are they hers? It does not really matter. The thing is that the feat is perfectly possible. We forget in these indulgent days how quickly children of even four or five once learnt a trade; there are few skills that a bright (and willing) child of eight could not master. Minou—however her literary career began—is clearly a sensitive and clever little girl; she must also have had a dangerous literary diet. Her ability to dig up her thoughts by the roots and study them is almost terrifying. But there is something queer about her achievement. The real attraction of a child—the one that compensates for many disagreeables—is its artlessness, its absence of heavy emotional baggage. Minou, alas, is hardly ever free from analytic self-consciousness, of the kind that can only be *learnt*. It is not only that she is aware of her own pathos. ("The little sick girl/ was so little . . ." etc.) But, if these are indeed the poems of an eight-year-old, she has skipped a season. Take them as the work of an adolescent and they fall easily into place, blood, nerves, anguish, yearning, tears, love, despair and all. As a nursery child the poet is writing of themes outside her province, and the effect is sinister. Undoubtedly she has a gift, but anybody who believes (as Supervielle and some other modern French poets so oddly do) that childhood is a time of clarity and light, might glance at Minou's charming, horrifying book and think again.

NAOMI LEWIS

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Christmas Egos

Five Fags a Day. By JOHN PETTY. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

My Life and Crimes. By REGINALD REYNOLDS. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

In Spite of the Price of Hay. By MAURICE WIGGIN. *Phœnix.* 16*s.*

Picture a Country Vicarage. By ANTHONY BRODE. *Elek.* 15*s.*

One Doctor in his Time. By BETHEL SOLOMONS. *Johnson.* 18*s.*

The Twain Have Met. By PRINCE CHULA OF THAILAND. *Foulis.* 25*s.*

Let us dispense with what is known in reviewer's jargon as the sermon on the batch and dive straight into this sea of egos. Mr. Petty's must come first; his is the most original and managed of these autobiographies, the nearest approach to a work of literature. *Five Fags a Day* is his account of his life as a picker of waste metal on a "tip" or slag-heap, near Walsall, and his spiritual love-affair with a wild girl named Kathie, what the proprietors of pin-table saloons and roadside cafés would call a "mystery," perhaps, but a fiery and independent one. It is a vivid, moving, eloquent and at times infuriating book, catching and infuriating like a smoker's cough.

Mr. Petty has an ego like a porcupine. He is one of those proletarian intellectuals who make life extra-difficult for themselves by defiant integrity. Never mind the self-pity; his is a genuine hard-luck story. Mr. Angus Wilson in his preface compares him aptly enough to the hero of *Look Back In Anger;* also to the hero of *Lucky Jim,* though I cannot see that he has anything whatever in common with that lizard-like picaro. There is, I would suggest, a certain affinity with Orwell: "The fact is that the standard of most working-class intellectuals is a low one; their creative efforts are painfully amateur; and the working-class artist of quality so often increases his isolation by his own arrogance and egotism." That is Mr. Petty in a reflective mood. Here is a sample of his straightforward description:

> Very shortly after Big Carl has taken command of the tip, a group of new factories that processed aluminium began dumping their waste upon it. Dozens of loads thundered down the steep banks of the tip every day. Slag—but a different slag, from that spewed out by iron foundries. Grey and rather soft, but full of character. It crackled; from within each load came a disturbance of electric-cable-like crackling; and a pungent, carbon-like smell that wasn't unpleasant. Even I could smell it. And although the slag seemed absorbent (in wet weather it became deceptively soggy) it was hell's own delight parting the aluminium from it.

A natural writer, surely. Something ought to be done about him.

Mr. Reynolds, whose satirical verses become sharper and neater each week, needs no introduction. "THE NEW STATESMAN", he complains, "has never yet given me a favourable review." I think we can put that right. *My Life and Crimes* is a longish, lively and very readable, middle-aged, extravert progressive publicist's autobiography. I enjoyed every word of it. Quaker background; prep-schoolmaster in the early Twenties; disciple of and public relations officer (unofficial) to Gandhi; mentor of juvenile delinquents; penal reformer; you might call him a paratrooper in the army of the really good. Having so much material at his command, Mr. Reynolds has elected to skim lightly and evenly over not so much the surface as the periphery of his experience. He writes very nicely and communicates a most agreeable, unpretentious and somehow curiously English personality. Just when you expect him to slip sideways into the nettle-soup of crankery, he surprises you by a staunch upstanding display of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. No wonder the Governor of Exeter Prison took such a fancy to him.

The next two are civilised, non-cretinous journalist's books. Mr. Wiggin lives a multiple life as television critic of *The Sunday Times*, columnist of the *Sunday Graphic*, writer on fishing. *In Spite of the Price of Hay* gives you boyhood in Staffordshire on the edge of the Black Country; the economic stresses of the Thirties; eccentricities of provincial journalism. The viewpoint is that of tolerant, open-minded middle age. There is some rather strong nostalgia for the countryside, and an all-round atmosphere of genuine friendliness. *Picture Of A Country Vicarage* is rather more formalised. It is, mainly, a study of life with the author's father, vicar of a scattered rural parish somewhere in the Stockbroker's belt during the years between the world wars. Mr. Brode has a good eye for detail and writes so well that he makes you want him to write better. If he could have been rinsed in some astringent continental solution to remove a certain rather cloying punchiness he might have brought off the fly-in-amber coup.

Lastly the amateur writers. Dr. Solomons is a former Master of the Rotunda, one of Ireland's leading gynaecologists, a Jewish Dubliner and proud of it. (This particular socio-racial blend has a special dispensation from the Mother Goddess.) He played rugger for Ireland and hunted. He writes cheerful chatty straightforward memoirs. I especially liked the remark of Sir William Wheeler's—another great Irish gynaecologist—that in Harley Street practice you could always judge the income of your lady patients by counting the scars on their abdomens.

Oriental princes who take to motor-racing and settle in England are unlikely to appeal to the *N.S. & N.* readership. We think of them as check-capped, Bentley-boys, road-hogs roaring along the bypass in a cloud of exhaust. This shows how wrong we can be. Prince Chula is amiable, gentle, civilised. He absorbs his English education, Harrow and Trinity, while retaining his Siamese slant and a light dry sense of humour. No bar-fly he. On his travels he goes straight for the cultural treats; never mind the polo ponies. His writing is a little stiff, perhaps, but this is due to diffidence rather than ineptitude. There is plenty of interesting inside on Siamese protocol and more in his book's title than mere eye-wash.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Atomic Choice

Facing the Atomic Future. By E. W. TITTERTON. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Nuclear Energy in Industry. By J. G. CROWTHER. *Newnes.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Calder Hall will probably come to be regarded as one of the finest feats of British engineering, and its successful completion has placed this country well ahead of the rest of the world in the large-scale production of nuclear power. The whole project has been completed in a remarkably short time and is in the adventurous spirit of early Victorian engineering.

The plant is probably the simplest type of nuclear power station one can build. Already, it has been stated that large increases in the power output will be obtained from the reactors to be built for the Central Electricity Authority, and many types of reactors have been described which have potential advantages over the Calder Hall type. In the United States a large programme of testing is under way to decide which of many possible types of reactor offers the best solution to the problem of economic power production; but the States still have large coal reserves, whereas for us the building of the Calder Hall plant was a sheer economic necessity. To have waited until more sophisticated types had been built and tested would have involved a delay of at least five years before any construction could have begun, and this we just could not afford. We are reaching the end of our easily mineable coal deposits and have considerable difficulty in stepping up our production above 200 million tons a year; but our power requirements are steadily rising, and must continue to do so if our standard of living is to be maintained and

improved. The amount of power a society uses is a good measure of its state of economic development, for it represents the extent to which the drudgery of manual labour is removed, and the amount of steel and cars produced. Our only alternative to nuclear power stations is imported oil, on which we have become increasingly dependent. Coal, too, is a most valuable and unique source of chemical raw materials, and it would be folly to squander our last reserves of it on power production.

With the success of Calder Hall, and the erection of the C.E.A. nuclear power stations, our industries will have gained enormous experience in the design and erection of these plants and should be able to capture a large share of growing world export markets.

If Asia and South America are to achieve the high living standards of the West, power requirements must rapidly increase. When refrigerators and cars are as common in India as in the United States, the world's coal and oil resources will be quite inadequate, and will have to be replaced by nuclear power. To be sure of capturing these markets we shall need a large research and development programme. There are, for instance, many metallurgical problems to be overcome—problems of producing metals to work reliably under conditions of extreme radiation and corrosion. The materials which are often best from a nuclear physics point of view are often those which have hitherto been regarded as rare and unworkable—metals like beryllium and zirconium which industry has already been asked to produce in bulk in the States. These are not just dull technical problems: they are often of considerable interest in understanding the atomic structure and behaviour of materials, and their solution can be immensely satisfying.

But nuclear power stations do not run and design themselves. A programme of building and development large enough to ensure the vital share of the world's markets in nuclear power plant will be an enormous strain on our technical manpower. Already the Atomic Energy Authority has stated "Inadequacy of staff is a constant threat to the achievement of the Authority's programme . . . details will have been skimped that will cause operating troubles in the future. . . ." Only a radical revision of our educational system can produce technologists in numbers required.

Mr. Crowther has produced a useful guide to nuclear power, and Professor Titterton an authoritative survey of the whole field of atomic energy, which is marred only by the occasional resounding exhortative platitude. But his book should be most useful in promoting an understanding of the limitations and dangers of atomic warfare, and he includes an account of the long negotiations which have taken place on control. He divides it into two parts, "Atoms for Peace" and "Atoms for War." They contrast vividly the opportunities or disasters open to us! The advantages of virtually unlimited power resources, with all the possibilities of improved living standards, or the destruction of our cities by inter-continental ballistic weapons, or other methods of what some choose to call "urban depletion."

LESLIE GREEN

A Wronged Lady Righted

The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. By ROBERT HALSBAND. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Until this book appeared, Mary Pierrepont never had much luck with men. Her marriage began with an elopement and resulted in an enjoyable trip to Constantinople. But her husband proved a dry stick not much disposed to her company; for more than twenty years he was content to confine his relations with his brilliant and extraordinary wife to epistolary correspondence conducted, on his side, in terms of the utmost dreariness and propriety. Nor was Lady Mary more fortunate in her only son; Edward Wortley Montagu Junior was sadly unsatisfactory. She extended her friendship and patronage to Pope; he was presently pursuing her with venomous and blackguardly verses. Her most reliable male friend was Lord Hervey—who was not, however, sufficiently male to refrain from competing for the favours of an equally ambiguous young man, Count Francesco Algarotti, whom she attempted in her middle years to secure as a lover. Robert Walpole snubbed her when she had useful political intelligence to communicate from Italy. Horace Walpole was charming—and made her in his letters a famous object of mockery and obscene allusion. Count Ugolino Palazzi, the *cicisbeo* of her declining years in Brescia, defrauded her of large sums of money and even appears to have held her for a time under some form of duress. During her long voluntary exile, it is true, the continental aristocracy treated her with charity and distinction. But for the English she was a scandalous comic turn to be looked up on the Grand Tour, and to be endlessly gossiped about in the most scabrous of contexts.

But now all—or nearly all—is redressed. Mr. Halsband has appeared. He is impeccably learned—so that instead of tattle we have a formidably documented biography, meticulously chronicling whatever minutiae of Lady Mary's life years of research have made available to him. He is undeviatingly chivalrous, believing that the young foreigners were the recipients of a merely spiritual affection, and finding no transaction of his heroine which cannot be set in a moderately respectable light. His flair for discretion is well illustrated in the affair of Mrs. Murray, who suffered attempted rape at the hands of her father's footman. Mr. Halsband finds Lady Mary's poem on this interesting episode to be "serious and polished" and quotes six unexceptionable lines from its opening; but I am afraid that in point of fact it was a tasteless performance, and the circulating of it an insensitive act. There is, of course, much to admire in Mr. Halsband's approach. I cannot believe that Lady Mary, who suffered so much from the tongues and pens of fops and harpies, would not take satisfaction in having at length secured an admirer with the habits of a gentleman. Unfortunately—what she might find hard to forgive—Mr. Halsband is rather a dull writer, who contributes more to our knowledge than to our understanding or enjoyment. He has little feeling for complex characters or interest in obscure emotional relationships, and is more at home with Lady Mary's political activities—now shown to include the authorship of a short-lived periodical, *The Nonsense of Common-Sense*, supporting Walpole—than with the poignant and enigmatical Algarotti affair which is by far the most remarkable of his discoveries.

J. I. M. STEWART

In Search Of An Author

The Vermeer Forgeries. By JAN BAESJOU. *Bles.* 15*s.*

The satisfactory end to the Van Meegeren story would be for it to provide the theme for a good novel. For a great work in the Central European manner, it has everything. On the surface it is a huge, macabre farce. With one fantastic stroke the plot stands a whole world on its head: in a moment riches are valueless, beauty is hideous, wisdom is mocked. The seedy forger is hero and darling; the scholar is a clown. The crowd marvels and mocks, and in the turmoil the hero passes on to his abject death. Good enough; in fact, irresistible.

Moreover, just under the surface, there is as dark a thread in the story as could be wished. In childhood the hero has his drawings torn up before his eyes by a sadistic father. He is flogged for art, half-starved for it. As he grows, the forbidden activity becomes furtively aggressive: the obsession develops according to pattern. Cheating the examiners, the hero gains his diploma. When he runs away with a woman, it is the wife of a well-known art critic that he chooses. And so on: so long as universal admiration eludes him, the pressure increases. There is only one solution. He must paint the one picture which can prove the injustice under which he labours, the picture which will escape the fate of a Van Meegeren and turn the tables on authority. An irresistible force, the force of a irreversible psychosis, forces him along the path from baffled confidence to monstrous presumption, and thence to the fabulous crime itself.

So he sets out to paint a Vermeer and, marvellously enough, he pulls it off: he deceives the world. And doing it, he transcends himself with a vengeance. The drama of the unwritten novel deepens here: profound and obscure philosophic themes are uncovered. Van Meegeren's meditation on the character of art and tradition has a crazy logic about it. It is his very talent, the cynical acuteness with which he relates the present to the past, that guides him to his fatal destination. He is possessed of devilish skill and learning: he only lacks the elementary wisdom, the knowledge that it is not in any man to be the man his father was. As volume succeeds great imaginary volume (translated from the German) it will be seen, no doubt, that Van Meegeren is crucified not merely on his neurosis, but on an obsolete æsthetic. Forging a Vermeer, he is appealing against his fate. In fact, he still appeals to that single scale of values by which bad critics and bad fathers claim to distinguish good from evil. His case is heart-rending, but if he wins it—and he does win it, gaining for his picture universal admiration at last—the only effect is to demolish the court, and deal at the whole theory of absolute æsthetic valuation a blow from which it never recovers. He liberates himself from every scruple; the irony is that he can never be free.

For a time Van Meegeren finds a secret, hideous self-fulfilment. As his forgeries multiply, each in turn completely successful, and each less like anything in the world but a picture by Van Meegeren himself, he is in paradise. Money flows in like water, fortune upon fortune. He is a man possessed, painting more horribly than ever, as if he was finding his own mad way to the holy anarchy of art, as if he realised, in spite of himself,

History of the Second World War

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by F. S. V. DONNISON

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Grand Strategy

Volume VI

by JOHN EHRMAN

A sequel to volume V, which was published in July 1956, this book covers the last ten months of the war when events in Europe and the Far East reached their climax, and includes the first full account of the Anglo-American discussions which resulted in the dropping of the atom bomb on Japan. 9 appendices, 6 maps and index. 30*s.* (*post 1s. 6d.*)

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that each artist creates his own personal scale of success or failure, that none is truly judged *good* or *bad* by the standards of anyone else.

His salvation is a mirage: in fact, the hero is damned irretrievably from the beginning. As his story reaches its climax, the world through which he moves becomes as criminal and mad as himself. The din of war is resounding around him: it is his appropriate accompaniment. He is seen to be symptomatic and symbolic: his mania, the superhuman fury of frustration that may fill a little artist, is the very mania which, enthroned in the chancelleries of Europe, bedevils the world.

Then there is the denouement, farcically incongruous yet appropriate. The hero is accused of everything but his crime: finally, he is compelled to unmask himself. Apotheosis. Then damnation, and the protracted end. The famous tale grips the imagination at every telling, and understandably, for this is, after all, a Faust story. Lacking a Thomas Mann, the good novel which might be founded on it will, perhaps, hardly be written.

Certainly the present book, which is both lurid and dull, ill-informed and unimaginative, does not supply it.

LAWRENCE GOWING

A Great Man?

Fear God and Dread Nought. The Correspondence of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher of Kilverstone. Volume II. The Years of Power 1904-1914. Edited by ARTHUR J. MARDER. *Cape.* 35*s.*

The correspondence of generals and admirals has a peculiar fascination. No one expects these men of action to possess much in the way of literary gifts; but they often develop a spluttering explosiveness as they wrestle with this unaccustomed and, to them, distasteful medium of words. The fighting men before 1914 were particularly choice—perhaps because they had so little real conception of the Armageddon which they were always prophesying. Sir Henry Wilson comes out top of the bunch. Every sentence of his reveals an arrogant fatuity and a political frivolity such as one would find only in an Irishman. It now appears from the letters which Professor Marder has so laboriously and devotedly edited that "Jackie" Fisher can give Wilson a close run. Every letter is a peach. There are rather too many of them; and he was too fond of repeating himself, in accordance with one of his favourite tags: "Reiteration is the Secret of Conviction!" Reading them straight through is almost as shattering as a broadside from one of Fisher's beloved Dreadnoughts. Exclamation marks, whole sentences in capital letters, inarticulate bellows, bestrew the pages. Add to this a glance at the Herkomer portrait of Fisher; and it is difficult to believe that he was altogether sane.

Still, perhaps it would have been a good thing if he had bitten some of the others. The serious theme of the book is Fisher's remaking of the British Navy which ensured its adequacy in the first World War. He scrapped old ships; made the fleet an effective fighting force; ran after every invention from wireless telegraphy to oil-firing. Most remarkable of all, these reforms, though they improved the Navy enormously, actually saved money. On occasion, the government had even to put forward reduced estimates, much to its embarrassment. All this is now old stuff. The long lines of Dreadnoughts are as obsolete as the Spanish Armada. Tested by later events, Fisher made many good guesses and a few wrong ones. He foresaw the submarine, though not the answer to it: indeed he advocated a Channel tunnel as the only way of breaking a submarine-blockade. He imagined that the Germans would oblige him by sallying forth to undertake a great naval engagement, and was much at a loss when they stayed in port. His one really foolish idea was that it would be possible to land an expeditionary force on some sandy beach in north Germany—even the generals knew this was wrong. But, by and large, he was more farsighted and certainly more creative than his service contemporaries. Who can blame him for being wrong now and then, seeing that, like all the other fire-eaters, he had never heard a shot fired in anger?

The topic of more lasting interest is how he did it—how he put his ideas over on the politicians and on the ruling circles of the day. Fisher knew how to flatter: he won the heart of every First Lord, and Asquith's into the bargain. It is particularly curious how he landed the politicians in a mess, through his over-confidence, during the "acceleration" crisis of 1909; and then compelled them to get out of it, himself looking as innocent as could be all the while. His dealings with the Court merit special notice. He charmed Edward VII and played royal backing hard to secure his success. George V was a different matter—a sailor with many friends among the stuffier admirals whom Fisher detested. So Fisher turned round and became a democrat, insisting that the Navy was a parliamentary force and even applauding John Ward's attack on the Army officers after the Curragh mutiny. Fisher, in short, was convinced that he was always right, others always wrong; and he was not troubled with scruples in carrying this view through. He was supposed, perhaps correctly, to be the greatest admiral since Nelson. But it did not add up to much. Nelson's domination of the seas lasted a hundred years; Fisher's about ten. Now he has only the wistful charm of yesterday's music-hall comedian.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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Shorter Reviews

Some Observations on American Education. By ROBERT M. HUTCHINS. *Cambridge.* 15*s.*

Mr. Hutchins—former President of the University of Chicago—is a renowned fighter in good causes. True, he has chosen a nice cool academic title for this batch of lectures, and his tone is likewise cool and judicious. But there is nothing bland about his actual argument; indeed, hostile readers, especially American educationists (among whom Mr. Hutchins would like to produce widespread unemployment), might feel that the book should have been called "Some Aspersions. . . ." The author explains the historical origins of the American educational pattern, from grade school to university; he defends the ideal of universal education, right up through the colleges, and resists the view that in practice this must lead to universal mediocrity; but he by no means maintains that to understand all is to forgive all. American education, he says, has gone dreadfully wrong. It has become in more than one sense a means of "accommodation." Colleges are judged, that is, for the physical accommodation they provide (comfort, amenities, sports facilities), as though they were resort-hotels, and for the degree to which they accommodate themselves—through vocational courses and the like—to the demands of a business civilisation. These are demands, Mr. Hutchins agrees; but he denies that they are genuine needs.

He is not alone in voicing his dissatisfaction. Arthur E. Bestor and Oscar Handlin (two history professors, from Illinois and Harvard) have been saying the same thing lately. On their own they are not enough to turn the tide; yet there are signs that many of their fellow-countrymen are uneasy at the slack, rah-rah, anti-intellectual atmosphere that pervades American educational institutions. A recent best-seller has drawn attention to the fact that, despite well-equipped schools, numbers of American children are not even learning to read properly. Perhaps Mr. Hutchins is laying it on a bit thick. Perhaps he brushes aside a little too casually the problems raised by mass-education. Perhaps British teachers anxious to develop technological education in this country will suspect that he has provided ammunition for their adversaries. I think these are minor objections. Mr. Hutchins's general principles are, for Britain as well as for America, high-minded and very difficult of accomplishment. He asks for more than we shall ever get: for cake instead of bread. But in doing so he is wiser than those who, seeing only the snags, would settle for a stone.

M. C.

Sark Discovered. By LEONARD CLARK. *Dent.* 15*s.*

Sark is so small an island that to be on it "is to enjoy the sensation of being on a ship, anchored permanently in mid ocean"; yet this book has four pages of bibliography. Evidently Mr. Clark has made an exhaustive study of the island and one imagines that he has omitted nothing of historical or topographical interest. His knowledge is not only full but intimate, warmed by an affection for the island, and the visitor to it may feel that in this book he has more than a guide, a personal introduction. Also, Mr. Clark has a remarkable gift for description. The book is illustrated by many photographs, and while they are good in their kind, they seem somewhat banal compared with the word-sketches in which he combines a pleasant fancy with a pretty wit. His account of Derrible Bay begins: "Derrible Bay—and it sounds as if the person who is saying it has had a fright, and is so overcome by what he has seen that he cannot get the word right; for indeed it is a 'terrible bay.'" That kind of writing lifts *Sark Discovered* far above the usual level of topographical books.

A. Y.

Methods of Book Design. By HUGH WILLIAMSON. *Oxford.* 45*s.*

"Typography is bunk," typographers are apt to say, in exasperation at the nonsense sometimes written in the name of typographic æsthetics; and the bewildered layman may well agree. In fact, book-design is a highly practical business—"the practice of an industrial craft," Mr. Williamson calls it—in which there is little room for bunk. There is none in *Methods of Book Design*, which should be more read than most literature on the subject; certainly it should become the Bible of book-production: not only readable, but also thorough, lucid, and combining wit with a catholic taste and constant

good sense. The author remembers that the proof of the design is in the book. This is not such a puddingy platitude as it sounds, for in book-design, more than in most crafts, common sense, far from being stodgy, is often invigorating. For lack of it even such a painstaking and ambitious piece of design as the Nonesuch Coronation *Shakespeare* has been spoiled.

There has been no such comprehensive work before. Oliver Simon's excellent *Introduction to Typography* (now reissued as a Pelican) was confined to the narrower, if lovely, path of its author's discriminating taste. Mr. Williamson ranges in greater detail over the more diverse field of his University Press. Like that Press he is occasionally conservative in his methods. For instance, he devotes several pages to in-boards and library bindings (rare among mass-produced books) but mentions only briefly the cut-back thermoplastic process (possibly to be deplored, but certainly much used). On the whole his elucidation in not too technical detail of everything that goes to make a book is very well balanced and he manages to be readable without ever writing down to the layman. The book itself, apart from some invisible lettering on its jacket, is a splendid example of the craft it describes.

R. G.

Arthur Stanley Eddington. By A. VIBERT DOUGLAS. *Nelson.* 25*s.*

This is a competent exercise in hagiography upon a character and mind which could stand up to rougher treatment. Eddington was one of the oddest of fish, and needs writing about in three aspects—as one of the first theoretical astronomers of his day, as a personality of a bizarreness closely similar to C. L. Dodgson's, and as the proposer of a deductive epistemology which if right (which few now believe) made him a great man and if wrong a kind of Great Pyramid. Professor Vibert Douglas gives a good account of the first aspect, but is too gentle to deal adequately with the others. In a few years' time someone ought to have another shot.

C. P. S.

More Comic and Curious Verse. Selected by J. M. COHEN. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Comic verse is even more a matter of personal whim than other literature, and the reviewer thinks well of this book because it contains her favourite Leigh Hunt, "Amazing monster! that, for aught I know"—the fish's reply to his human critic. There are more than three hundred pages of verses here, and the assortment is rich and various enough to offer something pleasing to everybody. Some, such as "the sonnet on the sonnet on the sonnet" haunt the memory long after reading.

Mr. Cohen has sagely turned his critics into auxiliaries by including in this book many authors suggested to him by reviewers of his first comic collection. New to me was a most delightful Austrian writer, Christian Morgenstern, neatly and elegantly translated by R. F. C. Hull. The whole of *The Hunting of the Snark* is here, some tuneful and elusive poems by Edith Sitwell, and a great many good parodies. The pseudo-Milton on pyrotechnics in school is particularly convincing, except for one line. Alexander Pope's short dismissal of the slanderous journalist is something that all who venture into print should treasure. Perhaps, disappointingly, the poems by Thomas Hood have worn least well; they read like period pieces. And (since no anthology review is complete without mentioning an omission) some of Ian Serraillier's brilliantly curious verse might well be included in a future collection.

K. G.

Diamond. By EMILY HAHN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but on the evidence of this book they are certainly not an author's. Miss Emily Hahn has written a sadly dull, flaccid work about an article whose brilliance and hardness are some of its most remarkable qualities. If ever a subject glittered with possibilities and interest it is diamonds—"For the vanity of women, and the depravity of men."

They are no new source of pleasure. Pliny had accurately described diamond crystals, and for centuries the Indians had cherished them. Western attention was first attracted to India; from India came the early gems to set women's hearts ablaze with pleasure and desire. But for diamonds in spate it needed the discovery of the South African alluvial and dry deposits. Curiously, as with Brazil before, at first the big finance centres were sceptical, believing these were salted catches. But the quantity, and the quality, inevitably disproved even scientific scepticism, while there could be no denying the existence of the new ebullient millionaires—Rhodes, Barnato, Beit and the rest—who often struck it rich coming and going: in actual prospecting in the fields and in the series of vast company deals that cornered the diamond industry into a few hands. So it stands today, a giant dictator-state which treats its workers in some respects like prisoners. On this aspect Miss Hahn is conspicuously indifferent. She could "not say the quarters were enticing." And what matter that the "boys" lead lives of "intense boredom in their isolation"? One's dissatisfaction with such a state of affairs is increased by the lack of any adequate reasons being advanced for its enforcement. Possibly Miss Hahn feels that diamonds are worth any price.

M. A. C.

Professor Douglas Bush's article on page 820, Mrs. Bennet and the Dark Gods, *is reprinted by permission of the* Sewanee Review (*Autumn*, 1956); *copyright* 1956 *by the University of the South.*

Week-end Competition

No. 1,399

Set by Thersites

Competitors are invited to submit, in not more than 150 words, the first or last paragraph of an imaginary novel entitled *Goldeneye*, to be written by one of the following authors: Kingsley Amis, William Golding, Henry Green, Graham Greene, Daphne du Maurier, Nancy Mitford, Evelyn Waugh or Ian Fleming. Entries by January 1.

Result of No. 1,396

Set by L. Clarendon

The usual prizes are offered for a motorist's farewell to his car, after Byron ("Fare thee well, and if for ever"); Shakespeare ("Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing"); Burns ("Ae fond kiss"); or Wordsworth ("She dwelt among the untrodden ways.")

Report

Among the general gloom an occasional note of cheerfulness was a pleasant surprise. Indeed, Wilfrid Tyldesley wrote that his life had been saved by his freedom "from car and care." Another surprise was a charming snapshot of J. R. Till's erstwhile taxi-cab (with attendant goose). Burns and Byron proved disappointingly unpopular but Shakespeare and Wordsworth were both the source of wit. Harry Broadbent, for instance, began:

> She lies inside the petrol bay
> A-thirsting for a sup,
> But few attendants came this way,
> And none to fill her up.

I also liked Dr. F. B. Julian's:

> A rarer spirit bids me wave adieu.

And Charlotte Roots's fervent wish:

> I would thy bones might rest in Eden's Garden.

I could quote from Eileen Ackroyd, Leo Spero, Rhoda Tuck Pook, Eileen M. Haggitt and many more, but space is also "in short supply."

D. R. Peddy deserves three guineas for a sonnet full of ingenious conceits; a guinea each to J. F. Marshall, Stanley J. Sharpless, S. M. Mansell for their light-hearted efforts. Commended are Leslie Johnson, Frank A. Dobbe, Arthur Osborne, P. W. R. Foot (whose "oilless in Gaza" is nice), J. A. Lindon and Allan M. Laing.

> Farewell! Thou art too dear for my possessing,
> With wings too closely clipped, and warmth soon dead
> Thy clutch I'll feel no more, nor stay caressing
> A sterile body in a lifeless shed.
> The hosts of Mars have vanquished those of Venus
> And, where streams flowed, dry, empty wells remain;
> It was not thee that caused the brake between us,
> Nor dulled the glowing spark that drove us twain—
> New serpents, in new Edens, brought temptation;
> We saw grim strife invade our happy Mews,
> And our accord, for want of lubrication,
> Fall, with your streamlined form, into disuse.
> And so adieu—I cannot but lament
> That my poor portion, none may supplement.
>
> D. R. PEDDY

> She came adrift approaching Hayes
> Upended in a bush,
> A crock whom there were none to raise
> And very few to push.
>
> A bull-nose in a muddy ditch
> Base apex to the sky!
> No choice remained but thumb a hitch,
> For night was drawing nigh.
>
> I went away and few could know
> Just why I let her stew;
> My Morris dancing's done and, oh,
> A bloody good job too!
>
> J. F. MARSHALL

> Farewell! The whole thing's really too distressin',
> Twelve gallons is their measly estimate,
> A ration you and I can't acquiesce in,
> We'd better call it quits, old girl; it's fate.
> How could I bear to starve an Aston Martin
> Of all the high octane that it's deservin'?
> It isn't just the stoppin' and the startin',
> Your m.p.g. on long runs so unnervin'.
> And what will happen next there is no knowin',
> Depends, I s'ppose, on whether Nasser's stickin',
> But in my mind suspicion's long been growin'
> I can't afford to keep your engine tickin'.
> Farewell, dream car; I'll never know a better;
> Tomorrow I shall purchase a Lambretta.
>
> STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

> Ae last gallon I'll bequeath thee;
> Ae last jaunt, with thee beneath me,
> Then for ever I'll remember
> This dark day of drear December.
>
> Who shall say the ration grieves him,
> While some extra juice it leaves him?
> Me, nae supplements delight me.
> Thoughts of 'bus and train queues fright me.
>
> Had we never gane thegither,
> Never sped ane wi' the ither,
> Never scrieved—or never started,
> I had ne'er been broken-hearted.
>
> S. M. MANSELL

City Lights

Santa Interrupts

Stock markets are having a breather. In the first fortnight of December industrial share prices rose by nearly 9 per cent. and recovered all the ground lost in the previous month. Now, puffed with exertion, irritated by the importunity of local authority borrowers, anxious to keep something in hand for the big ICI issue, and moved by the return of Sir Anthony, the City is glad to remember that the week before Christmas is usually a quiet one. Jollification costs money and the tax inspector has to be paid. Investors who bought at the bottom of the market are collecting their profit, and shares which led the rise a week ago look less bouncy at the moment.

Some of the most prominent were those of companies expected to have a finger in the defensive investment boom which is becoming a popular idea. There were shipping shares, for example, particularly tankers, and particularly

London & Overseas Freighters. The shares of the company itself roared ahead on news that they would be split into smaller units to increase their marketability. There was an even sharper rise in the shares of Harvard Investment, a small investment trust to which Philip Hill has sold its 50 per cent. share in London & Overseas' new Bermudan affiliate. Philip Hill has received Harvard shares in exchange, which it will sell to institutional investors—investors, presumably, who are mainly concerned with capital profits, since their chance of income depends on dividends from a company which has yet to build up its fleet.

* * *

Companies concerned with the nuclear power programme were general favourites, and there was more to it than the announcement of the first orders for civil power stations. Although the Minister was careful to skirt round the subject on Monday, an early increase in the size of the nuclear programme is expected. Its announcement has been held up only because expanding the scale of the first stage of the programme will raise physical as well as financial problems, and the politicians have not yet decided how to overcome them. When expansion is decided upon, it is likely to set off a spurt of investment expenditure, not only directly, but in such allied industries as electrical engineering and steel.

* * *

The steel industry, suspended between private and public ownership, is in a peculiar position. Steel shares have done reasonably well in the recent recovery. Profits were affected by the maintenance men's ban on overtime, but less than was expected: in several cases they are higher. Dividend increases—except in the case of Thos. Firth & John Brown, which has no major development programme to finance—have so far been inhibited by the announcement of price increases for steel.

These had been expected for so long that industry's reaction to them has been fairly mild. Overall, the increase amounts to 6 per cent: it is much less for many products, and nearly double that size for plates and heavy sections. These products have been consistently scarce, and profit margins have been increased to deprive the companies of their last excuse for not expanding production further. It is natural enough, while price control prevents them from taking full advantage of the boom, that the steel companies should prefer the benefits of capacity working to the risks inherent in expansion. The industry has failed to provide the small excess of capacity over demand which is essential if industrial growth is not to be hampered, and in the past couple of years its laggardliness had done considerable damage to the country's balance of payments. It looks as if details of the third development plan, which will raise output by one-third in six years, will be out soon and something done about tackling the formidable problems it will create. Not the least of these will be finance. Borrowing in the market, even if it were practicable on the necessary scale, is made extremely expensive by the depressing effect on share prices of the threat of re-nationalisation; while government funds can hardly be made available to finance an industry which is still privately owned.

Unless steel prices are to be further increased to an extent which will inflict serious damage on the economy and sacrifice consumers to the interests of shareholders, the City will have to set about bringing the machinery of its capital market up to date.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 371. Devilish Dream

This may well be a most unsuitable Christmas story. Yet, it so happened at the height of the festive season (and perhaps on account of it) that **A**, a 3-mover simple enough for 5 ladder-points, stumped a fairly good chessplayer. Mortified and tired, he fell into an uneasy dream, whereupon a visitor appeared, took one squint at the problem and provided the key-move. Naturally the chessplayer could not very well refuse his visitor's request for a game. The stakes were high: imperishable glory of life-long world-championship if he won; eternal damnation if he lost. The sinister guest, obviously enough, insisted on taking the Black pieces, and when he had reached the position of **B** he grinned maliciously and announced a mate in 7. As he proceeded to make move after devilishly forceful move his opponent began to see his impending doom. He had gambled away his immortal soul, and terror gripped him when he realised the blasphemy of calling the fateful 7th move the *coup de grâce*. But rather than make that move the guest departed, cursing horribly and howling with anguish. Why the devil did he? Having earned 6 points for an explanation competitors should have just as little trouble with the 7 points to be had for **C**. Here's an honest mate in 8, nothing at all is left unconsummated, and indeed, the Black K will be found to be particularly well and truly buried. The only special condition to be observed is this that White must refrain from taking any one of Black's pawns. As usual in a holiday piece, **D** is a suimate, a particularly pretty one too, and not very difficult either; it should be quite a bargain for 8 ladder-points. For the uninitiated I had better explain that White must commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in 5 moves.

A: Hofschläger 1902

B: Hofschläger 1902

C: T. M. Brown

D: Shinkman 1904

E and **F** (for 9 and 10 points respectively) are both wins for White, the former being a celebrated classic. The tail-piece is not quite as easy, but it is certainly a beauty. What with the generous rating customary for a holiday week-end I might as well add the useful hint of a certain affinity between the two studies. Both of them are conspicuous for particular brilliance in hunting and catching the Queen. Usual prizes. Entries by Dec. 31.

E: Henri Rinck 1902

F: F. J. Prokop 1929

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 368. Set December 1

A: (1) . . . R x B. (2) P = Q, Kt-Q7 ch. (3) K-R1, R-B8 ch! (4) R x R, P-Kt7 ch. (5) K-R2, P x R (Kt) ch. (6) K x P, Kt-B5 mate.

B: (1) R-Q3 ch, K-B2. (2) R x Kt ch, K-Kt2. (3) R-B7 ch, K-R3. (4) R-R7 ch, K-Kt3. (5) Kt-Q5 ch etc.
if (1) . . . Kt-Q4; (2) P-K6 ch, K-Q3. (3) R x Kt ch, K-B2. (4) R-Q7 ch etc.

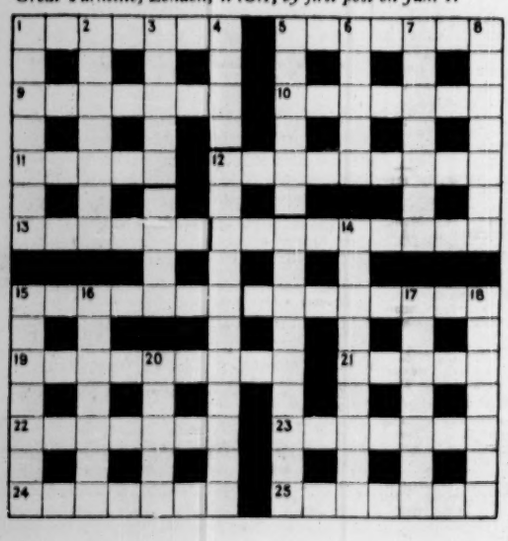
C: (1) R-Kt1! KR-B1 ch. (2) K-Kt2, R-B7 ch. (3) K-Kt1, R-KR7 (best). (4) R-KB4, R-K1. (5) R-B7 ch, K-R3. (6) R-K1, R-QR7 (QB7). (7) R-B8, R(7)-R1 (B1). (8) R-R1 ch, K-Kt2. (9) R-Kt1 ch, K-R2. (10) R(1)-Kt8 etc.

Many stumped by **C**. A brave effort from 7-year-old B. F. K. Jennings (who should send his address). Correct solution from 93-year-old T. J. S. Simmonds who shares the prizes with J. H. Frankland, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 230

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 230, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 1.



ACROSS

1. Tried out a politician in Santa's vehicle (7).
5. Merchant ship caught twice in a fuel mix-up (7).
9. Of gall-nuts—Gallice perhaps (7).
10. Country second for seasonable fare (7).
11. Make a fuss of it a little (5).
12. Something to give an edge to the news broadcast (9).
13. Cardinal event is conversion for flagrant sinners (6, 9).
15. What is done nowadays by way of celebrating Christmas? (7, 8).
19. For these gifts the cost varies with rulers (9).
21. There is something seasonable in backing the ancient Britons (5).
22. "We are symbols, and —— symbols" (Emerson) (7).
23. The master has rates revised in short time (7).
24. Ship gone to be broken up with everything in it (7).
25. Put up with the disgrace in which we find ourselves (7).

DOWN

1. Walked the plain and died (7).
2. Russian kind of cocktail (7).
3. The varsity man is frivolous and obscene (5, 4).
4. Story of a man having a success in town perhaps? (4, 11).
5. First match share distributed as a benevolent institution (6, 9).
6. Gentlemen, there is no game here for Christmas (5).
7. Rome can turn into a different city (7).
8. It could give us a tree, though not luxurious (7).
14. Sets for those who get presents (9).
15. One may be doing this to presents, but it's only pretending if the middle drops out (7).
16. It is the wrong way to manage Henry, but it is only a matter of time (7).
17. Disinclination to move makes one near it tortuously (7).
18. The parasite has to pine perhaps about where the animals live (7).
20. College for a poet (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 228

P	O	R	T	R	A	Y	S		A	M	U	S	E	D
R		A		U		A			I		H		A	
O	R	N	A	M	E	N	T		A	S	T	E	R	N
M		C		B		K		F		S		R		S
P	R	I	V	A	T	E	E	R		H	E	A	V	E
T		D				E		O		A		T		U
			W	O	O	D	E	N	S	P	O	O	N	S
I		P		W		O		T		E		N		E
S	P	R	I	N	G	O	N	I	O	N	S			
O		O		E		D		S				T		U
L	O	S	E	R		L	A	P	U	T	I	A	N	S
A		P		S		E		I		I		H		H
T	E	E	T	H	E		B	E	A	T	R	I	C	E
E		R		I			C		L		T		R	
D	R	O	O	P	S		B	E	D	E	V	I	L	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 228

G. A. Coulson (S.W.5), R. A. A. Willens (Watford), L. J. Hodson (Worthing).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Natal, South Africa. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the vacant post of Lecturer in Psychology, in Durban. The salary scale attached to the post is £800 × £50—£1,050 per annum. In addition a temporary cost of living allowance of £234 per annum will be paid to married men only. Application form and further particulars of the post are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on January 31, 1957.

LINCOLNSHIRE (Holland) Education Authority. Applications are invited for the post of Organising Teacher at H.M. Borstal Institution, North Sea Camp, near Boston. The man appointed will be expected to teach classes of illiterate and backward boys and organise the programme of educational classes in the camp. Opportunity for pioneering work and social service. Quarters are available for a married man without family. Salary, Burnham Scale plus a special responsibility allowance of £125 p.a.; i.e., departmental headship Grade A. Forms of application and further particulars can be obtained from County Education Officer, County Hall, Boston, Lincs.

MENTAL Deficiency. Applications are invited from trained social workers for appointment as assistant local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in the L.C.C. Public Health Department. Duties include visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in their own homes. Social Science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work and some experience of social work desirable. Inclusive salary scale £528—£705; abated commencing salary for persons under 24. Form of application from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/2371), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by January 4, 1957.

CITY of Oxford Children's Department. Applications invited from women (preferably graduates) for the post of Senior Children's Visitor becoming vacant on March 1, 1957. Applicants must have Social Science qualification (Home Office Certificate in Child Care an advantage), and considerable experience of work in a Local Authority Children's Department. Salary Apt. II, £595 × £20—£675, plus 2½ per cent. Application forms (to be returned by December 31, 1956) and full particulars from the City Children's Officer, 10 Worcester Street, Oxford.

PARK House Home Office Approved School. The Managers of the above school request applications for the position of part-time Psychiatric Social Worker. This is a newly created post (non-resident). The Managers hope the appointment will enable intensive case work to be carried out with a small number of boys coming from badly disturbed home backgrounds where skilled guidance might improve relationships. The work is mainly in the London area. The appointment is for up to 28 hours a week for which the salary would be based on a scale of £684 15s. per annum for a 39 hour week (excluding meal times) plus travelling expenses. Candidates, who should have one of the recognised qualifications, are invited to apply to the Headmaster, Mr. L. H. Crew, Park House School, Peper Harow, nr. Godalming, Surrey.

YORK Family Service Unit requires senior family caseworker. Applications from any field (e.g., medical, psychiatric, probation, family) will be considered. The post offers excellent opportunities for development. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Further information from the Secretary, Family Service Units, 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

THE National Adult School Union is seeking a number of persons, preferably between the ages of 30 and 45 and of good educational qualification, who would be concerned to assist in the formation of new Adult School Groups, with special (though not exclusive) reference to groups in members' homes. Gifts of leadership would be necessary, for work among all sections of the community and especially among those to whom formal adult education does not appeal. The first appointment in question would be centred on Leicester, and applications for this are now invited. Salary will be £550—£800 per annum according to qualification and experience. Applications to the Hon. Secretary, National Adult School Union, 35 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

ST. Gabriel's College, Cormont Road, London, S.E.5. Required in September, 1957, an additional Lecturer in Physical Education. Applicants should have had a recognised three-year training and good teaching experience with an interest in the modern approach to movement; they should be prepared to take responsibility for games, swimming, possibly some athletics, and to help with the general training of students in Physical Education. A Supplementary one-year Course will begin in September, 1957. Applications, with names and addresses of three referees, should be sent as soon as possible to the Principal.

SOUND technical man needed for administrative post; good degree and education essential, age 25 to 40, knowledge of polymers an advantage but not essential. Apply in confidence to Managing Director, Scott Bader & Co., Limited, Wollaston, Wellingborough, Northants.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

H.M. PRISON and Borstal Service: Assistant Governors Class II. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for eight pensionable posts. Age at least 21 on January 1, 1957. Candidates must have had a good general education and be able to fill a position of responsibility. They must have a genuine interest in reformative work with adolescents or adults. Starting salary (London) £590 at age 25 or under up to £730 at age 30 or over. Completed applications should be returned by January 15, 1957. Maximum £940. Somewhat less in the provinces. Free unfurnished accommodation provided or allowance in lieu. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, W.1, quoting No. 166/57/10.

EDITORIAL Assistant, preferably young woman, required by London book publishers. Editorial experience essential: languages and previous work on children's books desirable. Write, stating age, education, experience and salary required, to Box 9188.

MARKET Research—Major London Agency has vacancy for Interviewers. Men and women 21-35, minimum educational level G.C.E. Casual work. Willingness to travel within Great Britain an advantage. Reply in writing to: Market Information Services, Ltd., 24 Brook's Mews, London, W.1.

GIRLS' Club Leader required for girls' section of twin club. Excellent conditions, salary £472, less residence (full board). Could live out if desired. Apply in writing, giving experience and/or training to The Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.

ISLINGTON Family Service Unit requires responsible part-time Secretary. Apply 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

THE Southall Old People's Welfare Association requires the part-time services of a Co-ordinating Welfare Officer for domiciliary visiting. £275 per annum. Apply to 26 St. George's Ave., Southall, Middx.

WARDEN/Secretary reqd. for Community Association, salary scale A.P.T.2. Forms must be returned Jan. 5, 1957; available on appl. Secretary, Town Hall, Coleford, Glos.

SMALL progressive day-school, ideal surroundings, seeks kindergarten mistress; Easter; s/c. flat available. Mrs. Densham, Frogham, Fordingbridge, Hants.

REQUIRED for January, woman secretary to co-ordinate work of a team of technical executives at the head of a rapidly expanding engineering organisation. The post is one involving responsibility and applicants who should be competent shorthand-typists, should possess experience in office routine, preferably a knowledge of languages, and possibly some journalistic experience. Apply in writing: Managing Director, Nuclear Engineering, Ltd., Greenwich Metal Works, S.E.7.

PERSONAL Assistant, experienced; good shorthand-typist; for General Secretary of charitable organisation, Knightsbridge area. £500 p.a. No Sats. Box 9148.

REQUIRED beginning January, Assistant to Designer (printed textiles), Chelsea, part-time. Preferably R.C.A. or Central School trained. Box 9189.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Pine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2, 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6844.

FOR management of educational scheme town and country boarding dept., woman with genuine interest and commonsense needed January. Good salary. Handwritten appn. The Town & Country School, Eton Avenue, N.W.3. PRI. 4481.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M/f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

WORK in Switzerland! General domestic reqd. urgently for Swiss family with 4 children. Essential fair knowl. cooking & mending. Salary £11 10s. rising to £14 15s. per mth. Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77 Dean St., London, W.1. (GER. 9911.)

CONSULTANT Physician, N.W.8, reqs. cook-housekeeper. Care of 2 children aged 6 & 7. Some housewk. Gd. job for yng., energetic person. Reas. time off. Box 9135.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

GOOD experienced matron, plenty of commonsense, for small boarding department London co-educational school, ages 6-16, wanted immed. Good salary. Gardener also wanted. Box 9107.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

COMPANY Director—Accountant, 42, desires change for personal reasons preferably in London or nearby. 25 years' professional and extensive commercial experience. Box 9203.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

RESEARCH in Economics and Finance. Houblon-Norman Awards. The trustees of the Houblon-Norman Fund invite applications for Fellowships or Grants in aid of Research into the working of industry and finance in Great Britain and elsewhere and the economic conditions affecting them. Fellowships, which are intended for experienced research workers, are awarded for full-time research for one year, which may be renewed for a second year. Grants are awarded for either full-time or part-time work. The amount of the awards, which will take effect from October 1, 1957, will depend upon the circumstances of the candidate and the probable expenses of his work. Candidates must be British subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom. Forms of application, which may be obtained from the Secretary of the Fund, c/o Bank of England, E.C.2, should be returned not later than March 1.

GORDONSTOUN School. Scholarships (up to £250 per annum) are offered for award in 1957 by the Gordonstoun Society. At least one of these will be reserved for boys who intend to make the Royal Navy their career. Age limits 12 to 14 on March 1, 1957. There are also special Scholarships available for the Nautical Course leading to Cadetships in the Merchant Navy. The awards are made on a combined assessment of the results of the written examination and of an interview. Details on application to the Admissions Master, Gordonstoun School, Elgin, Morayshire. Entry forms to be returned to Gordonstoun by February 9.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

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YOUNG man with flat Westminster willing to share: Box 9156.

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COMF. furn. flat, large rooms, newly dec., h. & c., use bath & tel. Quiet house, nr. buses & trains. TOT. 0463.

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17 mins. Victoria. 5-roomed furn. flat. Graduate household. Avail. Jan. congenial tenants. Children welcome. Box 9138.

2 or 3 English lady teachers require furnished flat. Ring L.A.B., GER. 9050.

LARGE organisation urgently reqs. furn. accom., flats, flatlets (own cookers essential), any London district. No agents. Ring L.A. Bureau, GER. 9050.

HUNGARIAN refugees, two young couples, one boy of seven, seek furnished accommodation together or separate anywhere London, reasonable rent. Box 9136.

YOUNG writer needs cheap accommodation London. Quiet if possible. Box 9108.

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PROPERTIES FOR SALE

LARGE modernised cottage, 10 mls. Bath, rural surroundings, adjoining main road; mains water, electricity, gas, cent. htg., attrac. gdn. £2,500. Addit. buildings & land to 2 acres avail. V.O.C. All at £3,750. Norton, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts.

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HUNGARIAN is the "Guest Language" in this month's "Linguist" which also contains a page of useful English-Hungarian phrases. All regular features as usual. Price 1s. 3d. from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

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HISTORY Teaching revisions in USSR; Freer Access to Archives; Kosminsky on Medieval England (review). Soviet History Information Bulletin, Vol. 3, No. 2. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

BOARDING Schools in USSR; Higher Education; Labour Reserve Training; T.U. Theory and Practice; Bolshoi Ballet in London; Trip to Leningrad, etc. Anglo-Soviet Journal, Vol. XVII, No. 3, 2s. 6d. (post free 2s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14, Kensington Sq., London, W.8, or bookshops.

ARTS in the USSR. New Soviet Information Bulletin on Cinema, Literature, Music, Theatre, etc. Three times a year. Single copies 2s. each (post free 2s. 3d.). Annually 6s. post free. No. 1 to appear Jan. Order now from S.C.R., 14, Kensington Sq., London, W.8, or bookshops.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

ALL good books bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks. (pamps./journals). Van calls. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement, 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

MISCELLANEOUS

FATHER'S Christmas fare will be even more appetising with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

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KING Alfred School (F.1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, N.W.11.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

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THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. 7.30 ex. Mn., S., Sn., 5, 8. The Ticket of Leave Man, & from B. Day mats. only. The Princess & the Swineherd.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "World on Edge." A Living Newspaper. Fr., Sat. Sn. 7.45 Mem.

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EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 23: Rare Ealing Comedy, The Titfield Thunderbolt (U). From Dec. 24: Heyerdahl's Kon-Tiki (U). Crin Blanc (The Wild Stallion) (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 22. "The New Explorers," a programme of French short films including "Paris la Nuit." 3, 6.15, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

ROXY. Bay. 2345. Dec. 23, 7 days. Bing Crosby, D. Kaye, White Christmas. U.

TRAVEL Films of Austria and Italy and Tyrolean Dances will be shown in the Chelsea Town Hall on January 8, 6.30. Entrance free. All travel literature and tickets from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911 & 9225.

DANCE Xmas Eve. Chenil Galls., Chelsea. All welc. Music Bill Yates. Bar/buffet.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Monday, Dec. 31, 8 p.m.-2 a.m. New Year's Eve Dance. Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Members 15s., double tickets for members 25s., guests 17s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Dec. 22, 8-11 p.m. At Home. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Mems. 3s., guests 5s.

AT Your Own Risk! W.E.A. Cent. Lndn. New Year's Eve Party & Dance, Mon. Dec. 31, 7.30 p.m. 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. 4s. incl. eats. 12 High St., N.W.3.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs. every Tuesday and Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

ENJOY yourself at Party, 51 Deansway, East Finchley, N.2, Sat., Dec. 29, 8 p.m. Dancing, refreshments, etc. 'Don. 3s. 6d. S. African "New Age" Committee.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 26 (Boxing Day), 7 p.m.-11 p.m., Christmas Ball, Carlton Rooms, 140 Maida Vale, W.9.

S. Place Ethical Soc., Annual Dance. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sat. Dec. 29, 7.30-11. 4s. Dress optional.

NEW Year's Eve Dance at S.C.R., 14, Kensington Sq., W.8. Don Raine Young orch. Mems. bar, etc. 7s. 6d. Book now.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., Jan. 6 at 3. Amadeus String Quartet. Works by Haydn, Mozart & Beethoven. Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. WATerloo 3191 & agts.

HOMAGE to Casals, Fri., December 28, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, at 8 p.m. Birthday Music by Bach and Purcell. Mozart Horn Concerto K447, Adagio and Fugue, Bach-Vaughan Williams (first performance). Pablo Casals Motets and works for 'celli. Dennis Brain, Ensemble of 'cellists led by Anthony Pini, John Shinebourne, Raymond Clark. London Bach Group, Collegium Musicum Londinii, John Minchinton. Tkts. Chappells & Agts.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions from paintings in The National & Tate Galleries & other public and private collections cost on average 50s. plus 14s. 3d. tax for large sizes. From all good printsellers or at 11 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1.

BEAUX Arts Gall. Bruton Pl., W.1. Paintings by John Bratby. Dly. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Closing Dec. 22 & reopening Jan. 2.

HANOVER Gallery. 32a St. George Street, W.1. 20th Century Drawings, also Paintings on Silk by Bettina. Until Jan. 11. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HENRI Gaudier-Brzeska. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 19, Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6; Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. (Closed Dec. 22-26 incl.). Admission 1s. (admits to Bevan also).

ROBERT Bevan. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 19, Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. (Closed Dec. 22-26 incl.) Adm. 1s. (admits to Gaudier-Brzeska also).

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W.1. Stephen Tennant, Designs. Dly. 11-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1. The 1956 Exhibition of Original French & English Lithographs. Picasso; Braque; Sutherland, etc. Hours 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Picasso Etchings. Maillol Lithographs. Until Dec. 29.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., S.W.1. Artists of Today. Pictures donated by well-known artists to be sold for the Multiple Sclerosis Society. Nov. 27-Dec. 22. Free.

ARCHITECTURAL Treasures of Czechoslovakia. R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1. Until December 28 (Closed 25 & 26). Mon.-Fri. 10-7. Sat. 10-5. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Electricity in the Service of Medicine; Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health; and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., on December 29. Experiences of an Interpreter in India.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, Dec. 23, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "Charity & Hope."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

NEW Year School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. December 28-30. Ian Mikardo, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Sydney Jacobson, David Pickard. Details: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. WHI. 3077.

LEARN Chinese. Beginners start Jan. term. Weekly Evening Class. Princeton College of Languages and Commerce, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. L.C.C. auspices. Fully qualified tutor. Apply Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

POTTERY evening classes starting in January. Write for details: Shepherd's Wel. Pottery, 50a Netherhall Gdns., N.W.3.

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for London Univ. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree) & higher exams. for Degrees. General Certificate (all levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern & others, Law, Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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PERSONAL—continued

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HUNGARIAN relief: Our first supply of medicines for Hungary was sent by messenger on November 1. Now 14 members of the Unit and 4 vehicles are active in Austria, sorting and distributing essential supplies; transporting workers and refugees. Contributions to Friends Ambulance Unit, Tunmers, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks.

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